The Outlook

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Mrs. Harding Dies

TRAGEDY in the lives of those who have stood in high places has a peculiar power to make men and women understand the common heritage of humanity. Of this the death of Mrs. Warren Harding, widow of a President of the United States who was once a small-town printer, is dramatic evidence. In her life she knew the struggle of poverty, the reward of ambition, the austerity of courage, and the depths of personal disaster.

No one will know how great a part of the career of Warren Gamaliel Harding was her career. Yet it seems certain that she shared largely in building the structure of his life, that his fight was her fight, and his triumphs hers.

Upon his death she went from the White House back to the city where his career began, no longer the First Lady of the Land, but a woman who had lost a beloved companion. To her in solitude must have been borne poignant tidings of the unhappy aftermath of President Harding's career. The attacks upon her husband and some of his associates must have been doubly hard to bear, for there was nothing she could do toward the vindication or the defense of the memory of the man whose name she shared. To this personal grief was added for full measure the loss of close friends whom she and her husband trusted, in one case at least to their own hurt. She will be remembered as a gallant spirit whose failures were those of the life from which she sprang, whose virtues were those of the Nation in whose service her husband died.

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The late Mrs. Warren G. Harding

Georgia and the Soviets

EVIDENCE is leaking through the boundaries of the Soviet realm that, in spite of the fact that the Bolsheviki have been in control for seven years now, all is not well within. News of the threat of famine this winter has been mingled with news of anti-Soviet uprising in Georgia and the spread of revolution to other Soviet republics of Transcaucasia.

Well-informed anti-Bolshevist Georgian leaders watching, and to a certain degree directing, from European capitals the uprising in their native country have sent out reports which, however discounted, make clear the nature of the disturbance.

Early in 1921 the national Government of Georgia was overthrown by the Red Army, and was succeeded by the so-called autonomous local Soviet Government, really dependent on Moscow. Georgia, however, is a mountainous and wild country for the most part, and its remote districts have never ceased to be free of Soviet rule. Even in the more accessible districts there were local revolts in 1921, 1922, and 1923.

This year the revolt assumed wide proportions. Squads of mutineers took possession of cities and villages along the railway cutting the country from west to east, expelling the Soviet authorities, and disarming some weak Red detachments here and there. The rebels were supported by Russian and Georgian work-

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men and peasants. Early in September they were in control of most of Georgia, except the cities of Tiflis and Batum.

To suppress this the Soviets massed troops in Transcaucasia, and within a month the Soviets resumed control. How extensive this rebellion was and how bloody the suppression of it, it is not possible to state accurately. It is evident, however, that there was much cruelty shown in the reprisals. Incomplete lists of victims have appeared in the Soviet papers, "Pravda" and "Izvestia." It is not merely on the anti-Bolshevist reports that we may depend for the conclusion that people were executed by the hundreds.

A Revolt Against Oppression

EVEN those who as partisans of the Bolshevist Government minimize this uprising in Georgia do not deny that the uprising took place. Some of them attribute it to the intriguing of British and French interests that want to get control of ore and petroleum. Others attribute the instigation of the uprising to the Bolsheviki themselves as a method of manufacturing an excuse to get rid of more of their opponents. Of course reports of fairly normal conditions in Tiflis and Batum have no bearing upon the uprising in the mountainous region.

It is evident that various classes and groups of the Georgian population—remnants of the old aristocracy, intellectuals, Socialists, peasants, and workmen alike—have contributed quotas to the uprising and have joined in the discontent with the Soviet régime. The people there had become tired of famine, misery, and political persecutions. There is every reason to believe that there is similar discontent elsewhere in Russia, for famine, misery, and political persecution are not confined to Georgia. The Bolsheviki, however, have better control over Moscow or Kiev than over the wild Caucasus.

Suppression is not more likely to bring content under Soviet rule than it was under the rule of the Czar. With 60,000 to 100,000 Red troops massed in Georgia (for these are the figures which Soviet papers have given concerning troops sent to that country from the provinces bordering on Poland and Rumania) and with the rebel detachment still in being in the fastnesses of the impregnable mountains, tragic conditions in Georgia serve as an illustration of the nature of control which the Bolsheviki exercise throughout Russia.

Bread for a Lean Year

AFTER an autumn of uncertainty, it begins to seem likely that the bread eaters of Europe will get a whole loaf. Russia's supply remains in doubt, for the good reason that few persons even in Russia can tell how much grain a cautious peasantry is hoarding away from the eyes of the Soviet crop collectors. As for the rest of Europe, the prospect of sufficient rations till next harvest allays a cause for world-wide anxiety.

This anxiety had its source, not so much in the possibility that Englishmen, Germans, or Frenchmen would actually go foodless as in the risk that a shortage might impair the European economic recovery at the critical moment when it had at last got under way. War experience showed that well-stocked nations could continue to eat for a surprisingly long time in the face of food shortage, but that they did so at the cost of their cattle, of certain of their industries, and so to no small extent of their future welfare. The process tends to unbalance budgets and to play havoc with the cost of living, wages, and production.

The latest reckonings of the world's bread grain supplies seem to promise that Europe's bread loaf will be made without upsetting the economic housekeeping of the Continent as a whole. They indicate that Europe will indeed require two or three hundred million bushels more than the average importations of the past few years. She has a deficiency of some 170,000,000 bushels of wheat, home raised, as compared with last year, and a further deficiency nearly as great of rye. It happens very opportunely, therefore, that the United States raised this year 182,000,000 bushels of wheat above its 1923 crop—a surplus for which no one foresaw last spring any likelihood of an urgent demand. This surplus takes the place of the Canadian wheat that failed to ripen, and with some little managing it will eke out Europe's needs, and leave a bare sufficiency for the other parts of the world that import the grain.

As European bidding has made wheat dear, Europe will have to pay some $500,000,000 more than usual for its imported supply. That extra charge will bear down hard on its foreign import trade of other sorts. But by a second happy chance, the settlement of the question of reparations under the Dawes Plan has opened the way to American credit, and several European nations have already borrowed or are in a position to borrow a large part of their needs for temporary adverse balances.

Some portions of Europe, it is true, feel the wheat pinch more acutely than others. Germany not only has less wheat than usual, but is hit by the rye-crop failure, since rye is the country's standard breadstuff. Poland, a poor country and mainly agricultural, can ill afford the loss of a year's export surplus of wheat and rye. If Russia should again have to meet a deficiency of grain in some of its provinces, the outer world

A

stands for Annapolis, and Annapolis stands for the cornerstone of our first line of National defense. That is one of the reasons why we asked

George Marvin

to go to Annapolis and write us an article to be the first of a group on American educational institutions and the American spirit.

Our great schools and colleges are the builders and the rebuilders of America. Each has a different contribution to make to the development of our common ideals. The commission given to George Marvin was to find the common denominator of these contributions. He has made a mighty good beginning with his story of athletics at Annapolis in this issue. There will be more to follow.

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Nip, and cut, and slish, and slash

(Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Scene 3)

Temple in the New Orleans Times Picayune

"Ah! This is better!"

From Solomon Levy, Alexandria, Louisiana

From the Kansas City Star

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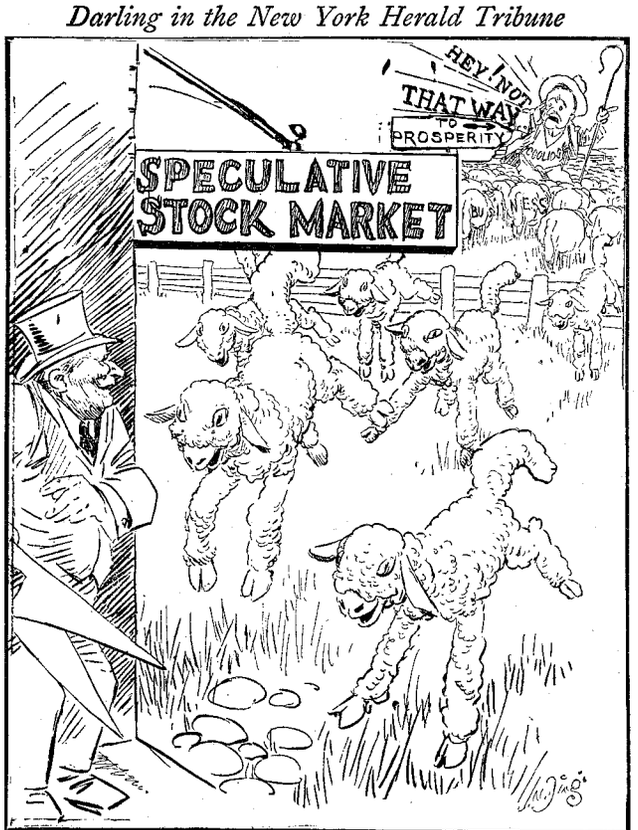
Wanting to lie down already

From M. M. Ferris, Kansas City, Missouri

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune



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The real prosperity pasture lies in another direction

From Miss S. G. Lincoln, Nutley, New Jersey

Pease in the Newark (N. J.) Evening News

To bob, or not to bob!

From L. S. Lee, East Orange, New Jersey

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could not easily bring it any extensive succor. Yet outside of Russia, as matters stand, a lean year, which came at a most critical time of world economics, promises to pass with notably few serious sequels from any direction now visible.

Pan's Patrols

A LITTLE while ago in the whole State of Massachusetts there were only 31 patrolmen in the woods to protect the forests, the game, the fish. To-day there are more than 10,000 patrolmen in those same woods, and the number will grow with each passing week. The original 31 are still paid patrolmen. All of the others are unpaid volunteers for the duty—and, to them, the pleasure—of seeing that wild animals and fish and the general attractiveness of the outdoors do not grow less with the years, that the irresponsible person does not destroy heedlessly or the willful violator of the law wantonly.

This is one of the results of "the guardian plan for more hunting and fishing" sponsored by the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association. The great patrol force is made up mainly of organized sportsmen. Each man of them—and each woman of them, too—agrees not only to uphold the game, fish, and conservation laws of the State and of the Nation, but to do what is within his power to see that others do not violate them.

If each of the forty-eight States had its force of ten thousand volunteer patrolmen, we might begin to feel that violation of law, natural as well as statutory, is stopped from spreading the abomination of desolation over our woods and upon our streams. Other organizations in all the States might well do what the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has done. In most States there are organizations equipped to take up the work. But if there is no such organization, that need not cause any one to think that the doing of the work is impossible. Individuals have done such things; other individuals can do them.

About three years ago an editorial writer in Birmingham—Garrard Harris by name and an enthusiastic fisherman by nature—made up his mind that the wanton destruction of fish and game in Alabama's streams and woods had to stop. There was no organization to do the work; the only equipment he had for it was his pencil and his love of nature. All the rest followed. The organization was created. Alabama, equally with Massachusetts, has its guardians of the forests, fish, and game.

Here are two examples worthy of emulation. If a few lovers of nature, well distributed over the country, will put in less time deploring and more doing something to stop the destruction, we shall soon lay the ghost of a gameless, fishless, treeless country.

Sharing the Children's Meal

MANY thousands of children are in orphanages and refugee camps in various parts of the Near East. They are for the most part children without a country, and have been rightly called "international wards." Driven from home by war, by barbarous raids, by persecution, they cannot look for support to the countries to which circumstance has carried them. In many cases their parents have been sacrificed in the cause of liberty. Great numbers of them are refugees from Turkey who have found temporary refuge in Greece. Others are in temporary shelters in Macedonia, on the islands of the Ægean, in Syria, Palestine, Egypt, the Caucasus. Of all these young refugees, the large majority would have perished except for outside help.

It is estimated that one hundred thousand children have been saved by the Near East Relief. What has been done and will be done for these children will have a lasting effect on the people who live in that region that has been fought over for many centuries.

Sunday, December 7, is to be observed as a day of remembrance for these boys and girls. A multitude of American families will on that day have a very simple dinner, as simple as one of the meals served in one of these orphanages—a typical meal will consist of pilaf Armenian (or macaroni and cheese, or Syrian meatballs) and stewed apricots with corn syrup (or baked prunes) and brown bread and cocoa—sending the difference between the cost of that meal and the regular meal as a contribution to the Near East Relief, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; and many will send considerably more than that.

This Sunday comes half-way between the feasts of Thanksgiving and Christmas. It is an appropriate time for those who have an abundance to think of those who will die without their aid.

A City Mothers' Bureau

THE name of what seems to be a unique experiment in city administration may have an intent to show that city fathers may well call in the help of city mothers. The City Mothers' Bureau of Los Angeles is a municipal affair in that it is under city control and has police power. It is not, however, supported by taxpayers; a large Advisory Board, representing various social and welfare agencies, clubs, and churches of the city, provides the funds. The Bureau works in harmony with the Police Department and the Juvenile Court.

The object of this agency is to provide for preventive work which shall keep children and young people from crime or vice and remove in advance the danger of their becoming delinquents. It goes a little further than this, for it also acts as a clearing house for domestic troubles and often solves problems that otherwise might lead to divorce or the criminal court.

The moving and leading figure in this movement is Mrs. Aletha Gilbert, who is its founder. She has tact and skill, and also sympathetic appreciation with children, parents, and school-teachers. It is said that Mrs. Gilbert's success has been the result of abstaining from publicity and the attainment of absolute confidence between all parties. This method gives advance knowledge of trouble-breeding conditions. A child will talk freely of its parents, parents will tell of neighbors, and even wives and husbands of each other, and the "mother," emulating a true mother, hears all but reveals no secrets without an understanding so to do. Technicalities that so often prevent and abort absolute justice when a court case is necessary are not allowed to stand in the way of a solution. Moral suasion is the big factor that the City Mothers rely upon, and, according to Mrs. Gilbert, it is the most effective.

Applying for the Bonus

IT may well be that men who served the United States in uniform during the World War will be more mindful of a duty to their country than of a duty to themselves. Adjutant-General Robert C. Davis has reminded them twice re-

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cently that they owe a duty to their country in connection with adjusted compensation. That duty is, if they mean eventually to apply for the bonus, that they apply now; and if they mean never to apply, that they promptly notify the Adjutant-General's office of that fact.

If all veterans comply with this request, the tremendous task of computing the amounts due the 4,500,000 persons entitled to claim adjusted compensation can be completed within the first three months of 1925. If veterans do not comply with the request, the task may drag on almost endlessly at heavy cost to the Government. All recruiting offices and other Army stations, together with all Navy, Marine Corps, or Veterans' Bureau agencies, are instructed to assist veterans in making out their papers properly. Some one if not more of these agencies is within reach of practically every veteran. There is small excuse, it appears, for undue delay. Though the Adjutant-General does not suggest it, citizens generally may aid the Government in this regard by reminding veterans of their acquaintance that the business should be attended to promptly.

Of the 4,500,000 veterans entitled to make application, only one in three, or a total of 1,500,000, has so far applied. Of the remaining 3,000,000, it may be that many do not intend to apply, though undoubtedly many of them do. Those who do not intend to apply have probably thought no action on their part was necessary. It should now be clear to them that they are imposing an unnecessary expense upon their Government—and therefore upon themselves—by failure to declare their intention.

Remarkable progress has been made thus far in administering the Adjusted Compensation Act. The fact that the task is so near possible completion, if all veterans do their part, will come to most persons as a pleasant surprise. In large measure, this achievement is due to the selection of Major-General Robert C. Davis as Adjutant-General in charge of the work. General Davis was Adjutant-General of the American Expeditionary Force in France, and began in the field the work that he is now completing in the War Department in Washington. While the war was going on he conceived and created the Central War Records Office of the American Land Forces in France. He began that work with one clerk. Before the Armistice the force had increased to 7,000 clerks. When it became evident that eventually a bonus bill would be passed, General Davis was made Adjutant-General. That was in 1922. He called to his aid officers who during the war had the most intimate and comprehensive knowledge of each group of records. When the Adjusted Compensation Act was finally passed in the spring of 1924, most of the preliminary work was done, and actual adjustment began without delay.

Major-General Robert C. Davis, Adjutant-General in charge of the duty of administering the Bonus

Bringing Mexico to College

SOME day, if the schemes of the present Government to educate the whole Mexican nation succeed, Mexico will have adequate universities of its own. As yet the higher education is one of the products that the country must largely import. We of the United States who search the map for export markets have one next door, and an important one, in this need of our Mexican neighbors.

A group of American citizens has just launched a project to endow twenty or more scholarships for Mexican students in our universities. The scheme is a friendly one as regards Mexico, and likewise friendly toward ourselves. Reckoned in immediate dollar returns, it may not, indeed, bring in enough profit to pay the modest salary of a single professor. But what will result twenty or thirty years from now?

The case of Japan suggests what may happen. In the early seventies Japanese students began to come to American universities in considerable numbers. Largely because of what they learned here Japan has developed into a powerful modern nation and a valuable customer. In the past thirty years we have multiplied our exports to Japan between forty and fifty fold. Japan gets from us nearly one-third of all its yearly imports, and sends us in return considerably more than it receives. Japan half a century or so ago needed the stimulus of American contact. It has gained much of its subsequent advancement through lessons learned in American classrooms. As for us, the results have probably several hundred times repaid every American dollar spent on the tuition of Japanese students in America from the first one to the present moment.

If giving Mexican students the run of our universities can effect anywhere near as great a proportionate economic gain, our benevolence will show eventual profits as high as those of the shrewdest usury. That, of course, is only the economic side of a many-sided proposition. Security for the United States demands that a neighbor country should be educated to appreciate law and order and to attain contentment. It demands that a people geographically close to us, but distinct in origins and sympathies, should form as friendly and intimate an understanding as possible of our ideas. In addition, then, to the very real impulse of good will we have reasons of self-interest—which coincides with the interest of the Mexicans—for wanting their most hopeful students in our colleges.

The time is ripe for bringing them here. The revolution of 1911, led by Francisco Madero, himself a man familiar with American education, fixed upon the present Mexican Government the policy of elevating, and especially of mentally elevating, the people. The Mexican educational effort, now some two years under way, must, if continued, soon bring thousands of students to the stage where they require institutions more advanced than Mexico has itself

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yet had opportunity to develop in order to carry them further.

Persian Students May Come Here

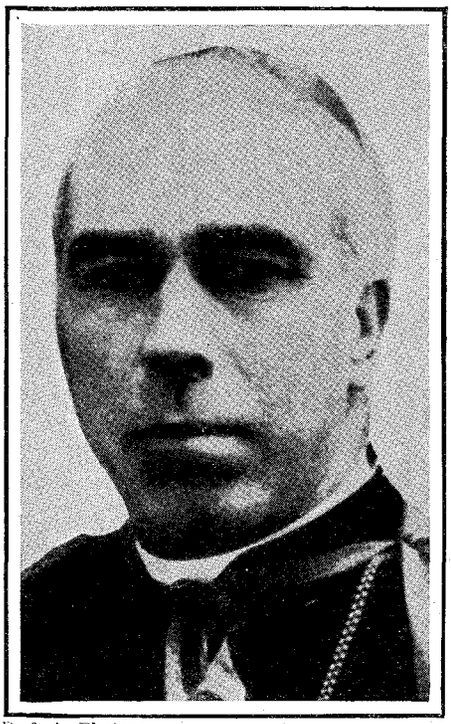
In a manner similar to the use of the Boxer War indemnity fund for the education of Chinese students in the United States, the State Department has suggested to the Government of Persia that the fund which it was to have paid for the expense of bringing back to this country the body of Vice-Consul Imbrie be established as a trust fund for the education of Persian students at institutions of higher learning in the United States. It is believed that the Persian Government will assent to the suggestion of this Government, which has been presented through the American Chargé d'Affaires at Teheran, and that it will result in the promotion of more friendly relations and a better understanding between the peoples of the two countries. The coming to American colleges and universities of Chinese students during the past decade or more has helped to give the people of China, through their leaders trained here, a better conception of the aims and purposes of the United States in its dealings with that country. Similarly, the coming of Persian students to this country cannot fail to be an influence for good in the relationship between the two countries.

A High-Minded Irish Cardinal

Born in a peasant's cabin, Michael Logue attained the princely rank of Cardinal, the highest ecclesiastical office in the Roman Catholic Church save that of the Pope himself. By the friends of order, fairness, and peace in Ireland he will be held in high esteem for his personal influence as well as for his ecclesiastical dignity.

When the two factions in Ireland, three years ago or more, were at the worst point of violence, Cardinal Logue in his Lenten pastoral letter had the courage to denounce as criminal all acts of lawless violence by whomever committed. He declared that "the lying in wait and shooting of policemen or soldiers is not an act of warfare, but plain murder. . . . No reason adduced nor any end, however noble, could justify it." With equal directness he denounced lawless acts committed under the plea of reprisal (having plainly in mind the alleged excesses of the so-called Black and Tans) as wanton oppression and injustice.

Further than this, Cardinal Logue's influence was strong in bringing about the acceptance of the Dominion plan for Southern Ireland. It was because Cardinal Logue and other high ecclesiastics in the Irish hierarchy approved the era of peace and the attempt to secure self-government without independence that



P. & A. Photos

Cardinal Logue, Primate of All Ireland, who died November 19

men like Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins, Sinn Fein leaders and ardent Catholics, signed the London Treaty.

Cardinal Logue was for many years the Primate of All Ireland—that is, Archbishop of Armagh. He was in his eighty-fifth year when he died on November 19, and his activity up to his final illness was remarkable; for instance, he took the lead only last year in an appeal to the British Government to release political Irish prisoners. He visited America some sixteen years ago, and was received by President Roosevelt in Washington.

Cardinal Logue had been a bishop (becoming in turn first coadjutor to the Primate and then Archbishop) fourteen years when Pope Leo XIII bestowed the red hat upon him. Cardinal Logue was the successor of one hundred and thirteen primates (reckoning back, possibly a little mythically, to the days of St. Patrick), and he was the first Irish ecclesiastic to attain the dignity of the Cardinalship.

Armagh, where Cardinal Logue had his official and personal dwelling, is famous historically as having been the chief city of Ireland between the fifth and the tenth centuries. It was sacked over and over again by the Danes in those days, and violence still befell it when, after the Reformation, there were battles between the English and the Irish. It is the see for All Ireland both of the Roman Catholic and of the Anglican Churches. Each has its own Cathedral; and, oddly enough, it is the Anglican Church which occupies an ancient church dating from the twelfth century, which is supposed to stand on the site of one erected five centuries before that by St. Patrick himself.

Fiddle-De-Dee

While a large modern orchestra behaved as much as possible like a locomotive, an audience in Carnegie Hall, New York City, sat in its customary solemnity. If it had been in Paris, the audience would have been shouting with joy. American audiences, however, are accustomed to look upon a symphony orchestra with something like reverence. They seem to believe that anything which is offered at an orchestral concert must be taken seriously. Music, they seem to think, cannot really enjoy itself without being vulgar; and, since there can be no vulgarity at a symphony concert, everything on an orchestral programme must be heard with a straight face.

Even American musical critics seem loth to believe that a composer can have a sense of humor. Or perhaps they cannot bear to think of writing anything about music which would lead American audiences to the brink of disillusion. One critic, having heard this orchestra imitate a locomotive in four separate concerts—though, as he apparently failed to see, in the presence of four different audiences—complained that the performance was approaching the dimensions of a nuisance; but not even he suggested that it was carrying a joke too far.

For this bit of humor on the concert platform Mr. Walter Damrosch, whose own sense of humor is delightfully evident in his recently published autobiog-

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raphy, was responsible. He was abroad last summer, and brought back with him an orchestral composition by the French composer Honegger entitled "Pacific 231." Koussevitzky, the new conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, has produced it for his Boston audiences.

What theorist can explain the harmonic ventures of such a composer as Honegger? Beethoven, who himself was regarded as a harmonic innovator in his day, would, if he were to return to earth, find it a hard task to understand them. Even Wagner would not recognize his musical offspring, and yet it is within the memory of people now living—though sometimes it seems as if it were generations ago—that the conventional musical joke ran something like this:

"Was that Bridget falling downstairs with an armful of dishes?"
"No. It is only sister Anne playing Wagner."

Now Scriabine, who only a few years ago sounded very noisy, is becoming old-fashioned. Composers think nothing of writing in two or more keys at once. Honegger is one of these to whom nothing discordant seems alien. He is therefore just the one to draw the portrait of a huge transcontinental locomotive in orchestral colors. He has a childlike interest in railway engines. He confesses that he has "always passionately loved" them. In this case he has chosen as his heroine, so we are told, one of the huge locomotives of the Pacific type—"No. 231." First the strings let off the steam, then the laboring double basses with the aid of the rest of the orchestra slowly begin the lumbering rhythm of the starting pistons. Little by little the orchestra accelerates the rhythm, and soon the tonal train is rushing at high speed along the pathway of time. When it finally draws up in the station, the audience has a right to appear bored or indignant or amused, but no right to appear merely serious.

All programme music has an element of humor in it. If it is not intentional on the part of the composer, so much the worse for the composer. Humor is the only justification that programme music has. Such a work as "Pacific 231" involves perhaps too great effort for too slight an effect. The mountain is so big a mountain, and the mouse so small a mouse. Nevertheless, since the composer is willing to take the pains to make such an elaborate bit of humor, why should not an audience enjoy it? Most concert audiences need some period of relaxation during a programme. Why not enjoy it when it comes?

A more successful bit of humor was that of Albert Spalding's in the string quartette which was performed recently by the Flonzaleys. Some of our sophisticated modern musicians have regarded Mr. Spalding as somewhat behind the times in his musical ideas. He really seems to enjoy the beauty of melody and the concourse of sweet sounds. No one denies his melodic gifts as a composer. It was not surprising that the first movement of his string quartette should give pleasure—though it may have been reprehensible for it to do so. The most sophisticated in the audience, however, ought to have been prepared for something when they read in the programme that the second movement was designated "Burlesca." It was a scherzando. Its rhythm proved stimulating, but harmonically it was thoroughly up to date. It was as if Spalding were saying to his audience, "I can master horrendous dissonance as well as the next fellow, and I will prove it to you." And when he had made his demonstration he returned in his two final movements to the world of beauty and concord. Of course the whole quartette is based on harmonic ideas that would not have been approved a generation ago; but Mr. Spalding's courage consists, not in following the fashion in dissonance, but in asserting his right to the enjoyment of something else as well.

Music, however, like every other art, may have its different gradations of humor; and one reason why music as an art has not appealed to as wide a public as it ought—as wide a public, for instance, as the drama—is that it has felt itself too good for the crowd. Musical pharisaism is as unlovely as pharisaism of any other kind. Paul Whiteman may render the art of music a very great service by introducing it in forms that suit the taste of the multitude. He has been giving concerts with his jazz orchestra. With this band of about thirty pieces he has produced effects as sonorous and as colorful as a symphony orchestra. It is true that he smashes conventions by limiting his string band to about sixteen violins and a single double bass; but perhaps he has contributed something to the art of instrumentation when he shows how the effect of a full body of strings can be produced by the employment of saxophones in the inner parts. It was interesting to watch the audience the other night at Carnegie Hall. It was the sort of audience that might have filled a moving-picture theater, and yet most of the first part of Mr. Whiteman's programme consisted of music of most modern harmony and most complicated syncopated rhythm. Of course the fox trot predominated, just as in the eighteenth century the minuet did; and just as, later, the waltz; but Mr. Whiteman kept the simpler dance rhythms for the dessert of his feast. And that audience frankly laughed when they wanted to laugh. It was one of the most honest concert audiences I have ever seen. It laughed because the orchestra laughed. The jazz player can make the trombone and the horn and the clarinet chuckle, cackle, and shout with laughter. Why should he not? Shakespeare was not above clowning. Even in tragedy the buffoon has his place. Incidentally, out of this humor of jazz there may develop new uses for the wind instruments of the orchestra. More than that, out of jazz is coming some new material for the musical art of the future.

Surely if there were any doubt of that, it ought to have been laid to rest in the mind of any musician who heard George Gershwin play his "Rhapsody in Blue." Of course there is nothing absolutely unprecedented in the characteristic harmony of what is known as "blues." The alternation of minor and major in the same musical sentence, so to speak, had been employed by composers before jazz was ever thought of. One of the most tremendous instances of the use of harmonic "blues" is to be found in the opening measures of Brahms's Third Symphony. Nevertheless Mr. Gershwin has taken the characteristic elements of the "blues" and made of them a rhapsody for piano and orchestra that has high musical value. Tastes differ. No one can argue about them. It seemed to me at the time that there was more musical substance in that rhapsody of Gershwin's than in a rhapsody of Liszt's. There was much in that blue rhapsody, which might better perhaps be called a free concerto, that seemed not unworthy to be placed alongside of passages in Schumann and in Brahms. And that audience that came

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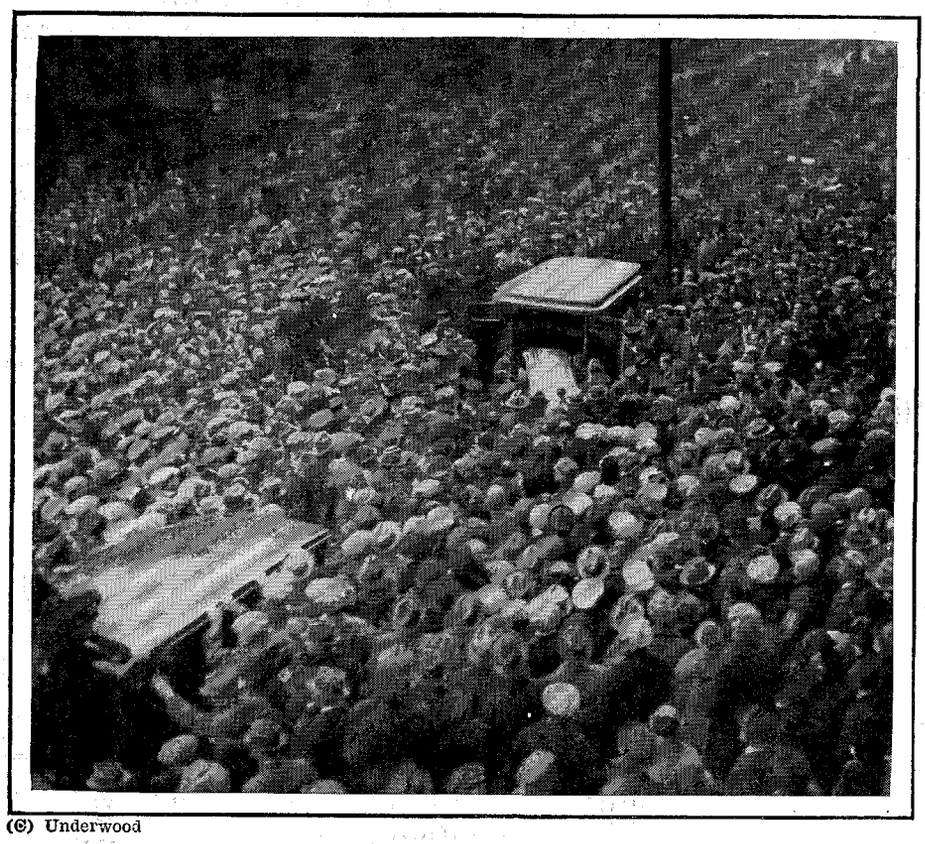

(©) Underwood

Funeral of the man who was known in Chicago as the ruler of the underworld

to the concert in much the same spirit in which it would go to a performance of vaudeville recognized the stirring beauty in that composition and expressed its approval.

Perhaps by the lowly road of jazz musical art may be coming into its own kingdom.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

"The Funeral Orgies"

"HE always was good to the poor." This has been the tearful last tribute to many a bandit from the Italian hills, and to hundreds of the successors of Robin Hood. The latter is of course now entirely a hero of romance, his robberies forgotten in the light of his good deeds and the glamour of his adventures. In our day many a crooked politician, many a grafter who plundered the people indirectly of tens of thousands, but gave a few thousands of it back directly, has descended into the grave with the mourners sobbing, "He always was good to the poor." So also the sentimentalist murmurs of some scoundrel or other, "Yes, he murdered three or four innocent men, and led a life of black crime—but he always was good to his mother!"

In Chicago there was buried a week ago Dion O'Banion (perfect name for a highwayman!), the so-called "thirty-two-year-old ruler of the underworld." He was said to have been "the director of at least twenty-five murders;" he was a rum-runner, gunman, and—worst of all in the hierarchy of crime—a hijacker, that is, a robber who preys upon bootleggers. Like England's great criminal Charley Peace, he followed a blameless career by day; he was a florist. When three rival gunmen called to shoot him down, he was innocently engaged in trimming chrysanthemums.

His funeral was without the blessing of the Church, although burial in consecrated ground was permitted. But—he always was good to the poor—and so his clients and his lictors, his henchmen, his competitors, and his beneficiaries turned out by thousands. There were a thousand automobiles in line, twenty-five of them carrying "floral tributes." His widow sent a seven-foot heart, made of two thousand red roses. There was a seven-foot "wall of carnations," inscribed "To our pal—from the gang." There were two broken shafts, six feet high, of white carnations and red roses. Everything was in the best possible taste. Bands and orchestras played sweet music. The body of the deceased hijacker lay in a $10,000 silver and bronze coffin. Such lavishness would not be right for a rich man—but, he was always good to the poor. Over the grave was spread a floral blanket (ten men worked all day and all night to fashion it) made of pink roses, lilies of the valley, and orchids; it was tied at the corners with silver ribbons. The underworld is like the Negress who put on black underclothes for her husband's death: When they mourns, they mourns!

So celebrated they the funeral rites of mighty hijacking O'Banion.

The Higher Education of Women

FOR fifty years President L. Clark Seelye, who died on October 12 last, shortly after his eighty-seventh birthday, held under his eye Smith College, the child of his creation. President Eliot, of Harvard, is the only other educator in these times whose years have outspanned those of President Seelye. But Dr. Eliot was not the creator of Harvard College. President Seelye was the creator of Smith College. Chosen President three years before its actual beginning, he prepared the way, fostered with wisdom the small sum of money left for it by Sophia Smith, planned its course of study, and, amid many discouragements, fought with unfailing faith for the fulfillment of his vision of the higher education of women.

Dr. Seelye believed that a woman's intelligence was capable of receiving and profiting by exactly the same training as that given to a man's intelligence. He believed that a woman's college could require for its entrance exactly the same preparation as that required by the highest grade of men's colleges. And he believed that this preparation could be obtained without any preparatory school attached to the college.

In his inaugural address Dr. Seelye said that "education is a broad and thorough acquaintance with the greatest minds of the ages." Those minds were best understood, he believed, through the knowledge of the classics, science, and modern languages taught in colleges for men. Girls proved by examination that they were quite as able as boys to grasp that knowledge. Therefore, he implied, let the schools preparing boys for Harvard and Yale and other men's colleges expect to get girls ready for Smith in exactly the same way and in the same classes. It was from the New England

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high schools that most of the early Smith students naturally came. Of course the later effect was to create a new type of preparatory schools for girls and to raise the standard of all girls' schools.

But, while he felt that women could profit by and should have every opportunity for the same college education as men, he went a step farther. He thought that they should have even more opportunity than men for acquaintance with the æsthetic side of the intelligence. As he said in his inaugural, "Too many of the grandest creations of human intellect are embodied in the fine arts to remain unnoticed by an institution which seeks the highest mental culture." He held that the highest products of thought and the highest products of emotion supplemented each other. "No artistic gift should be impoverished from lacking the nutriment of that broad and generous thinking on which alone it can grow to its greatest strength and beauty." The American college man might be hopelessly Philistine as regards æsthetic culture. President Seelye did not propose to have the college woman in the same predicament. Therefore time spent on music and art was counted as credit toward the degree of the regular Smith College student, and until this day is so counted. While special schools of music and art were temporarily established in connection with the College, every student in these special schools had to take some courses of a purely academic nature.

Finally, what did he conceive the fundamental purpose of the college to be? "It is not a school to make musicians, painters, or sculptors any more than it is to make poets, novelists, or astronomers, but a college to obtain that broad and thorough education in mind which is itself the best preparation for any calling." He lived to see a "vocational" course or two in the college—in education, in household chemistry, in landscape gardening. But, on the whole, Smith, like the main body of the other colleges for women and the colleges for men, has remained as he founded it, "a college of liberal arts." And his faith that a girl was better fitted to run a house or an office because she had had a college training of the mind has justified itself. Continuing to live in Northampton after his resignation, he was present like a benediction on all important occasions at the college.

The great financial ability of President Seelye, his practical sagacity and attention to detail, even his religious tenderness, are traits that have sometimes obscured his chief claim to immortality. It is only recently that the educational world, and even the alumnæ whom he called "his joy and his crown," have begun to perceive that in his conception of the potentiality of the average woman's mind and the training of that mind to the enrichment of the average woman's life lay the substance of his genius.

Conferences and Conferences

AMONG current beliefs there are few held more firmly than the presumption in favor of conferences. In particular, it seems to underlie discussions about international affairs. The very word conference seems to connote the solving of all problems. Is there a question of getting Germany to pay reparations? Call a conference. Do some nations consider other nations overarmed? Call a conference. Does the world in general seem to be in need of improvement? Call a conference. For every ill that mankind is heir to it seems often to be assumed that a conference is the only medicine.

This faith in conferences has survived a most discouraging experience. In the first place, the Peace Conference at Paris did not leave the nations exhilarated. Then the succession of conferences with a climax ascending to Genoa resulted in growing friction. Of course the Conference at Lausanne can hardly be cited as an example of the efficacy of conferences in general. The conferences at Geneva —for such, in fact, have been the meetings of the Assembly of the League of Nations—have been variously estimated. The two conferences since the war which are more widely acknowledged as successful in solving serious questions were the Washington Conference of 1921–2 and the London Conference of last summer. Yet even these two conferences have not escaped reproachful criticism as ineffective. Why, after such a record, should any one believe in the effectiveness of a conference as a method of settling international differences?

And yet faith in the conference as an instrument of international justice and good will seems almost as lively as ever. The more difficult the question, the more complicated and perplexing the circumstances surrounding it, the more persistent seems to be the demand for a conference to solve it. No question has vexed statesmen more continually than that of placing limits upon the forces and weapons of land—and air—warfare. It somehow seems to be assumed that the way to settle it is to call a conference of the nations to throw all their claims and demands together, and then to find some means of transforming all these demands and claims into concessions and sacrifices.

To doubt whether this is the best method of reaching international agreements seems to be regarded by many good people as very nearly treason to humanity.

This seems to be the chief foundation for the very widely accepted belief that if one does not have much confidence in the political value of the Assembly and Council of the League of Nations one must of course be committed to the theory that every nation should be a hermit nation. If one questions the usefulness of a general conference on the reduction of armaments one is likely to be called upon to explain how opposition to an armament conference can be reconciled with faith in the brotherhood of man or even with a desire for peace on earth.

All this exaltation of the international conference as a panacea is assumption. It is without basis in fact. It borders on the superstitious.

For certain purposes and under certain circumstances international conferences are valuable. For certain other purposes and under other circumstances they may be worse than useless—they may create rather than allay irritation. The more definite and limited the scope of an international conference and the more circumscribed its membership, the more likely it is, if we can judge by experience, to succeed in its purpose. The two outstanding examples of successful international conference—that at Washington and that at London—were both of them limited alike in object and in membership.

Even when both the object and the membership are limited, success may be doubtful. At present there is in session at Geneva the Opium Conference, which is very definitely limited in its subject-matter. There is practically one outstanding question with which that conference has to deal, and which will per-

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sist until it is answered. Shall the nations that control the opium traffic of the world attempt to limit the evils of opium by limiting its production? No international question could assume a simpler form than that. Implicit in that question is this other one: Shall the production of opium be limited to that sufficient for the purposes of medicine and science? That is a simple question. The United States advocates the limitation upon the production of opium to that sufficient for these two purposes. Against this position of the United States are arrayed those forces of production and commerce which would be materially injured by the adoption of the American policy. The issue seems clear. Even in this comparatively simple instance, however, there are complicating questions. Japan and Britain became engaged in a dispute of great tensity over the question of recognizing opium import certificates. It is possible to recognize the value of such a conference as this, and at the same time recognize the dangers that accompany diplomatic exchanges of opinion in the open after this fashion.

Two advantages in international conferences must not be overlooked. One is the benefit which can be derived only from common counsel. It is the benefit that comes from cabinet meetings, whether in the White House at Washington or in the executive offices of a big business. It is the benefit derived from a genuine shop committee on which employer and employee are represented. The other is the benefit that comes from enlisting public interest in the questions under discussion. Whether these benefits will outweigh the dangers in any given case depends upon the nature of the conference and the spirit which actuates the participants. Any plan which would provide for calling on short notice for definite purposes conferences of a limited number of nations, the membership varying according to the requirements of each occasion, would minimize the dangers and utilize the benefits of the conference method.

After all, however, the diplomatic service is a continuing instrument for the adjustment of conflicting national interests. Diplomacy is, or ought to be, the art of adjusting those differences with the least possible friction. The real test of international fraternity is not the emotional energy expended in thinking and talking about good will and justice, but the effectiveness of what is actually, though perhaps quietly, done on behalf of justice in the spirit of good will.

Egypt and England

WHEN Theodore Roosevelt, just after the assassination of Boutros Pasha by a fanatical Egyptian radical, delivered an address before the University of Cairo, which has some nine thousand Moslem students, he boldly commented on the assassination as "an even greater calamity for Egypt than it was a wrong to the individual himself," and added, "The type of man which turns out an assassin is a type possessing all the qualities most alien to good citizenship." Again, when, soon after, Mr. Roosevelt delivered his Guildhall speech in London, in the plainest but most courteous words he told England, "Either you have a right to be in Egypt or you have not. Either it is or it is not your duty to establish and keep order. If you feel that you have not the right to be in Egypt, if you do not wish to establish and keep order there, then by all means get out of Egypt."

Keystone

Major-General Sir Lee Stack, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army, who was recently assassinated in Cairo

Although the political and international conditions of the present Egyptian situation differ from those in 1910, the underlying principles then laid down by Mr. Roosevelt still apply. Great Britain has tried to treat the Egyptian situation gingerly rather than consistently. She never will relinquish her intention to guard the Suez Canal, the main artery of British trade and power in the East, nor will she give over to Egyptian control the Sudan, which England brought into subjection after Gordon's death, which she has helped in its first steps toward civilization, and for which she has made possible a future rich in productive values. But, while Great Britain would under pressure be willing to enforce this resolve by stringent measures, she has in fact "muddled along" in the true British fashion with temporary makeshifts and governmental devices.

When Great Britain laid down the Protectorate she had exercised over Egypt during the Great War and established Egypt as a nominally sovereign country with King Fuad at its head, she left many things unsettled. Among the most important was the control of the Sudan. Nominally, Egyptian forces were joined with British forces to maintain peace, but practically the British were in command. The extreme Nationalists, who have clamored for absolute independence much as the Irish extremists have done, insist that the Sudan shall be turned over entirely to the Egyptian Government. The Egyptian Prime Minister, Zaghloul Pasha, went to England to urge all sorts of concessions in Egypt. He met with no success. Mr. MacDonald, then Premier, was not prepared to say what Great Britain would do. So Zaghloul returned and told his people that what was needed in Egypt for the present was internal reforms—a very true statement, but enraging to the violent radicals who dreamed that British power and influence might be banished from Egypt.

The agitation and the poisonous and murderous fanaticism increased. The assassination of Major-General Sir Lee Oliver Stack, Sirdar—that is, commander-in-chief of the Egyptian as well as of the British army in the Sudan—and Governor-General of the Sudan, grew out of hateful propaganda against any kind of British rule, direct or indirect, in Egypt. This murder was not the act of a single frenzied individual, but was evidently part of an insurrectionary political plot. General Stack was the real ruler of

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the Sudan and was carrying on the development and improvement of that enormous district after Kitchener's occupation in 1898. He stood to the insensate Nationalists as a symbol of British domination.

The conditions under which Great Britain established a limited autonomy in Egypt in a measure resembled those imposed by the United States on Cuba when Cuba was allowed to set up its own Government. In both cases the feeling was that the new nation was to be in important respects a ward of the former governing Power; that it should not interfere in foreign matters; that its finances should be kept straight; that it should not do things that would bring about international trouble; that it should preserve peace and order.

The penalties imposed by Great Britain under the ultimatum of Lord Allenby, who acted as British High Commissioner, were severe, but the need of impressing all Moslem countries with England's fixed purpose of preserving its communication with the East and keeping its hold on India made severity necessary. The situation that followed was serious, but has been relieved by the resignation of Zaghloul Pasha and the establishment of a temporary Ministry under Zuwar Pasha, who is described as being reasonably well disposed toward Great Britain. The indemnity of £500,000 and the apology for the assassination were readily agreed upon. But Stanley Baldwin's Government went further than this. It evidently thought that now was the time to take drastic steps in straightening out the relations of England and Egypt. It demanded, therefore, the withdrawal of Egyptian troops and officers from the Sudan, with the plain intimation that if it was not done they would be put out; it rapidly sent warships and troops toward Egypt; it declared that the governing system in Egypt should be changed whenever necessary to protect British and other foreign interests. Opinion differs in England as to whether all this should be made a part of the outcome of the assassination of General Stack. But the London "Times" points out that the crime was one of political importance and with a possibility of disastrous reactions, and that therefore strenuous measures are needed at once to guard the Sudan "against the predatory clutch of Egyptian Nationalism" and to keep Egypt from "slipping steadily down into a morass of anarchy and corruption."

There has been talk of an appeal by Egypt to the League of Nations against the British exactions. Egypt is not a member of the League, but it is said that there is precedent for such an appeal by a non-member nation against a member nation. Probably, as in the Corfu incident, the matter would be settled before the League could tender its advice—it could do nothing else. But if the Protocol lately passed by the League Assembly, but not yet confirmed, were in force now, what would happen? Let us suppose that Egypt appealed for arbitration (as a non-member nation could do), that the League asked England to withhold action and arbitrate, that England refused as contrary to her integrity and honor. Then the League could call on all her other member nations to prevent by force any military acts—such as putting Egyptian troops out of the Sudan. Does any one believe that, in this illustrative case, the Protocol would work?

After the Landslide

Staff Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

"HEY, boys, where do we go from here?"

Though in semblance less slang-fraught, that in substance is what Washington is asking itself since election. True, chaos has been avoided and Coolidge has been secured. Order is to be maintained, not merely, but restored in those important places where there has been disorder—not organic, the doctors hope, but certainly functional disorder. But what order is it that is to be restored and maintained? Who is to do the job and how? And what is to be done with those old elements of disorder which, no more orderly than before election, persist? In short, how are we to escape the system, which has troubled us for some years, of three parties in Congress, transient coalitions, semi-permanent but ever-shifting blocs? And how return to the old way, which now seems so excellent because it has been a little while inoperative, of two parties intrenched behind definite principles and firing point blank at each other, undisturbed by enfilading bushwhackers on their flanks?

Though Congressional leaders express it not so bluntly, the caldron simmers down to this—what is to be done with La Follette and those other recalcitrants who, whether they voted for La Follette or not, flee the party reservations at will? The question concerns both old parties, and very likely it concerns the Democrats more vitally than it does the Republicans. With the Republicans the concrete question is this: Shall the La Folletteites and other recalcitrants be recognized as members in good standing of the Republican Party council? With the Democrats the question is: Shall the Democratic Party keep itself to itself, sternly refusing coalitions for specific purposes with Republican recalcitrants? No doubt about it, both old parties would like to snub the radicals. Little doubt about it, both old parties will hold the radicals in contempt, though both may give them a sort of cold and reluctant recognition. There are dangers to both parties in openly snubbing La Follette or any other radical, and that remains true even if it be accepted as a fact that the decisive defeat of the La Follette-Wheeler ticket destroyed the possibility of a permanent third party.

There are immediate questions of expediency involving public welfare, laws that must be passed, and parts of laws that must be unpassed during the forthcoming session of the old Congress and during the incumbency of the Congress just elected. The radicals, though conceivably they may never figure as a party in another election, have a large possible importance to both old parties in this regard.

Throw Them Out! Well, Perhaps

THE Republican disposition to read the radicals out of the party is unmistakable. But there are at least three reasons why they will not be read out immediately. The most practical of these is that the Republican organization is not sure that it can count a clear

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majority without them. Another is that a recalcitrant, after a trouncing, may become docile. The third, held by a smaller number but as a deeper conviction, is that a political party is not justified in practicing close communion, that the man who comes to the table is to examine himself and so eat.

The recalcitrants, La Follette and all, are invited into the Senate caucus of Republicans to select a leader in the place of Senator Lodge. That caucus is held as this issue of The Outlook goes to press, and the selection will be made with La Follette, Brookhart, and the others voting.

Whether recalcitrant radicals will be invited into other Republican caucuses is still to be determined. So also is the more important question whether or not, even if permitted to sit in caucus, they will be accorded the rights of brethren in good standing on the floor and in committee assignments. Both views are expressed by leading Republicans. There are those who will be dissatisfied if La Follette and his like are given anything other than minority consideration when the Senate committees are made up. The same thing is true in the House. Representative Longworth, most notably, has made vigorous declaration that those who are not Republicans in fact must not be permitted to reap benefits by wearing the name. The belief is expressed in one camp that by this declaration Longworth defeated himself for the Speakership. On the other side, it is said that Longworth spoke like a true and fearless Republican and that he will reap his reward.

Fence Jumpers Waiting for a Fence

On the Democratic side there is equal difference of opinion with—as seems to be usually the case in the Democratic household—more important consequences awaiting the decision. Those who may be called organization Democrats are decidedly disgusted with the radicals and with themselves in large measure for having associated with the radicals.

As a matter of party expediency, the Democrats during the last session of Congress made common cause with the radicals on many things. Not only did the party receive no benefit from the coalition, but, it is asserted, was greatly injured by it. This is said to be true, not merely because La Follette and Wheeler drew more votes from the Democratic than from the Republican ranks, but because the radical associations of the Democratic Party drove many formerly stanch adherents to the Republican Party. These things may or may not be true, but the belief that they are true has brought old-line Democratic leaders to a determination that the Democratic Party must henceforth play a lone hand according to the established rules of Hoyle.

But the trouble here is that the Democrats do not know how many of them may be left to play such a game. The Republicans can count, with fair assurance of accuracy, the nominal members of their group who will disregard party lines. They are the ones who during the last session opposed the Administration and frequently made common cause with the Democrats. No such definite counting can be done by the Democrats. Democrats plus Insurgents constituted the minority. There was no incentive, indeed no occasion, for Democrats to stray beyond the confines of the reservation. And nobody knows how many of them would so stray if the occasion and the incentive offered. In short, nobody knows how many radicals there are on the Democratic side. Only Wheeler is definitely tagged, but there are certainly others who will jump the fence if a fence is ever built up.

In the determination of old-line Democrats to build a fence and in the jumping proclivity of individual Democrats may lie the possibility of the third party's gaining enough strength to insure a measure of permanency sufficient, at least, to carry it into another election.

The old-line Democratic attitude toward the radicals reminds one of a line from Robert Louis Stevenson in which a "lowbrow" character defined the attitude of an aristocrat when he wants to be exclusive—"Don't know you, do I?—damn you, did God make you?" Certain Democratic aristocrats, having been drunk and indulged in political libations with common radicals, now assume that attitude.

But how many Democrats will go over to the radicals? Will Walsh, of Montana, for instance? He, who was Permanent Chairman of the recent Democratic National Convention, and Senator Patton Harrison, of Mississippi, who was Temporary Chairman of the same Convention, are probably furnishing just now an illustration of how the Democrats may divide.

Senator Harrison, who hobnobbed with the radicals in securing the provision in the Tax Law for publicity of income tax returns, has now renounced his sin and declared that he will do all in his power to secure repeal of the provision. (We give him his baptismal name of Patton, therefore, believing that it better befits his reasserted aristocracy than the diminutive "Pat" to which he has usually answered.)

Senator Walsh, on the other hand, has declared that publication of tax returns is right, and that he will press for an amendment containing even more drastic publicity provisions.

This hardly sounds the declaration of a man who will go along with the old-line Democrats in the movement to purge the party of radical associations and restore it to its old-time position of influential austerity.

There are possibilities of all kinds of upsets. The radical wind may have ceased to blow, but the lashed waves still roll inshore. The forthcoming session of Congress will be as full of surprises, perhaps, as any that has preceded it.

Legislative Chores

Of concrete proposals for legislation at the short session there is dearth. Doubtless the old bill mill will grind its usual quantity of grist. The usual number of Senators and Representatives will strive to distinguish themselves by giving their names to some piece of legislation, needed or not. Some necessary new legislation must be introduced. A mass of left-overs, loose ends of appropriation legislation, and the like that were tangled into an almost hopeless snarl last June will be attended to. But nobody talks of important new legislation except such as may be necessary to the routine needs of the Government.

Possibly an effort will be made to amend the Tax Law. It is certain that President Coolidge has not changed his position on that point and that one of the policies of his Administration will be to secure for the country the kind of tax legislation which he advocated during the last session. But the approaching short session is not a session of a new Congress. Except for the few who have died, the same men who occupied Senate and House seats through the turbulent days of last spring will occupy them throughout the forthcoming session. The new Congress, in which the Republicans may reasonably count upon a clear majority over all, will not convene for a year unless called in special session. Asking amendments of any consequence from the same Congress which passed the Tax Law would probably result only in new turmoil, such as would be aroused by the Walsh proposal for a more searching publicity provision. Any worthwhile revision of tax laws need hardly be expected until the new Congress meets. Whether or not the President will call an extra session probably depends upon how insistent the country is upon a better Tax Law, and the general desire for economy may bring willingness to wait a while.

The Republicans will elect a new leader of the Senate, possibly Senator

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Warren, of Wyoming. When the Senate meets, he will have completed thirty-four years of service as a member of that body. He is the senior member in point of service. The filling of this position is made necessary by the death of Senator Lodge.

The contests over President Pro Tem. of the Senate and Speaker of the House will not be decided, perhaps, until the new Congress meets, though rivalry for these positions will exert an influence over what is done at the short session, including the admission of irregulars to regular standing.

Four Italians and Their American Counterparts

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

THE four great pillars of Italian unity—Mazzini, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel—find their counterparts in Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Coolidge.

A century ago Italy was divided into many self-governing, mutually jealous provinces and kingdoms. Giuseppe (Joseph) Mazzini, a young Genoese, became convinced that "the true aim of patriots should be the unity of all Italy." He was the first Italian statesman to declare that "some day Italy must exist as one free nation." To realize this ideal the great thinker and prophet dedicated his life. A half-century before, George Washington had delivered our country from a foreign yoke, only to discover that it was still a composite of thirteen mutually jealous, practically self-governing States. He then dedicated himself to their union; he was one of the inspirers of our Federal Constitution, and he became the first President of the *United* States. In their similar endeavors, Mazzini and Washington had to endure misunderstandings, malice, slander. But both men remained steadfast to the end. Both succeeded. Both made their names immortal.

If Mazzini and Washington can be called the fathers of their respective countries, it may be said with equal truth that Cavour and Lincoln were their saviors. In 1848, that great revolutionary year, Count Camillo Cavour, of the old Piedmont aristocracy, threw off the traditions of his caste and in newspaper articles and addresses demanded that the whole Italian people should be free and united as never before, their freedom to be secured by constitutional grants. Constitutions were granted, but years passed before all Italy was free and united. Cavour had long been Prime Minister of Piedmont when in our Central West a voice proclaimed that America should not exist half slave and half free—the voice of Abraham Lincoln. That cry carried him to the Presidency. He did not hesitate, any more than did Cavour, to appeal to the arbitrament of war, for both men hated tyranny and would use force whenever necessary to put it down. In Italy there was tyranny a-plenty, but Cavour's special abhorrence was Russia; if he despised her monarchical absolutism then, what would he say to the infinitely greater revolutionary despotism now? Another similarity between the two men was that neither truckled to the shadow, popularity, but cared only for the substance, power. Still another similarity was that neither man was a victim of that fatuous belief in a kind Providence, always righting state affairs, muddle them as men may—no, the mills of the gods grind grimly for those muddlers. In the nineteenth century Cavour and Lincoln, of keen insight, of simple, dignified bearing, of boundless tact, of generous boldness, were the greatest statesmen in Europe and America. To them was justly vouchsafed the triumph that after their deaths the progress of their respective governments was to be guided by their vanished hands. Within ten years of Cavour's death Italy, acting out his policy, was entirely united, and in that period America, carrying forward Lincoln's policy, recovered from the Civil War and the North and South came together in a new union.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, a seaman, born at Nice, led, like Theodore Roosevelt later, a life of daring. This was evident, whether Garibaldi appeared as Deputy in Parliament, or whether he led a thousand men across the sea from Quarto, near Genoa, to Marsala in Sicily, or whether he entered Palermo and Naples at the head of other thousands. The noblest of the Italian youth flocked to his standard, as later the noblest of American youth flocked to Roosevelt's. Quick, energetic, brilliant in movement, even changing tactics, if necessary, in their love of high adventure, these leaders never lost sight of their objective. Nor did they query so much whether they might be exceeding the bounds of the strictly allowable as whether their activity was by law distinctly prohibited. Finally, no leaders in either country ever made men thrill with such electricity of emotion as did these knights-errant, one of whom, Theodore Roosevelt, was to show himself a peculiarly able and astute Executive.

A characteristic both of King Victor Emmanuel II and of our present President, Calvin Coolidge, was and is to treat all parties with equity; a habit equally remarkable for shrewdness and common sense—"common sense," that Coolidge phrase. Another characteristic was and is that of justice; Victor Emmanuel was proud of the title given him, *"Re Galantuomo"*—"The Honest King" (it really means more, namely: "valiant for the truth")—and Mr. Coolidge may well pride himself on the title, "The Just President." Furthermore, the Italian King's policy has also been our President's, that is: "never to provoke revolution, but to develop the institutions of liberty and nationality." Finally, the administrations of these two rulers were and are marked by better financial and economic conditions: in Italy this was brought about by the remission of oppressive taxes and the imposition of a more even tax distribution; in our country the saving to taxpayers during the Coolidge régime can be measured by billions of dollars. In Italy then as in America now there was apathy among many who would not take the trouble to register themselves or to vote; then as now there was a feverish desire on the part of upstarts, demagogues, and extremists to pull down the people in power by right of ancient tradition, and then as now there was such blocking by legislators as would have resulted in bringing governments to a standstill. Fortunately, then there was a real man at the head, Victor Emmanuel, just as now there is a real man at the head, Calvin Coolidge. Such men, fearing nothing from the accusations of political weathercocks and unintimidated by demagogic extremists, welcome any electoral or legislative struggle. They know that through it an honest, able, and courageous executive ultimately gains more than he loses.

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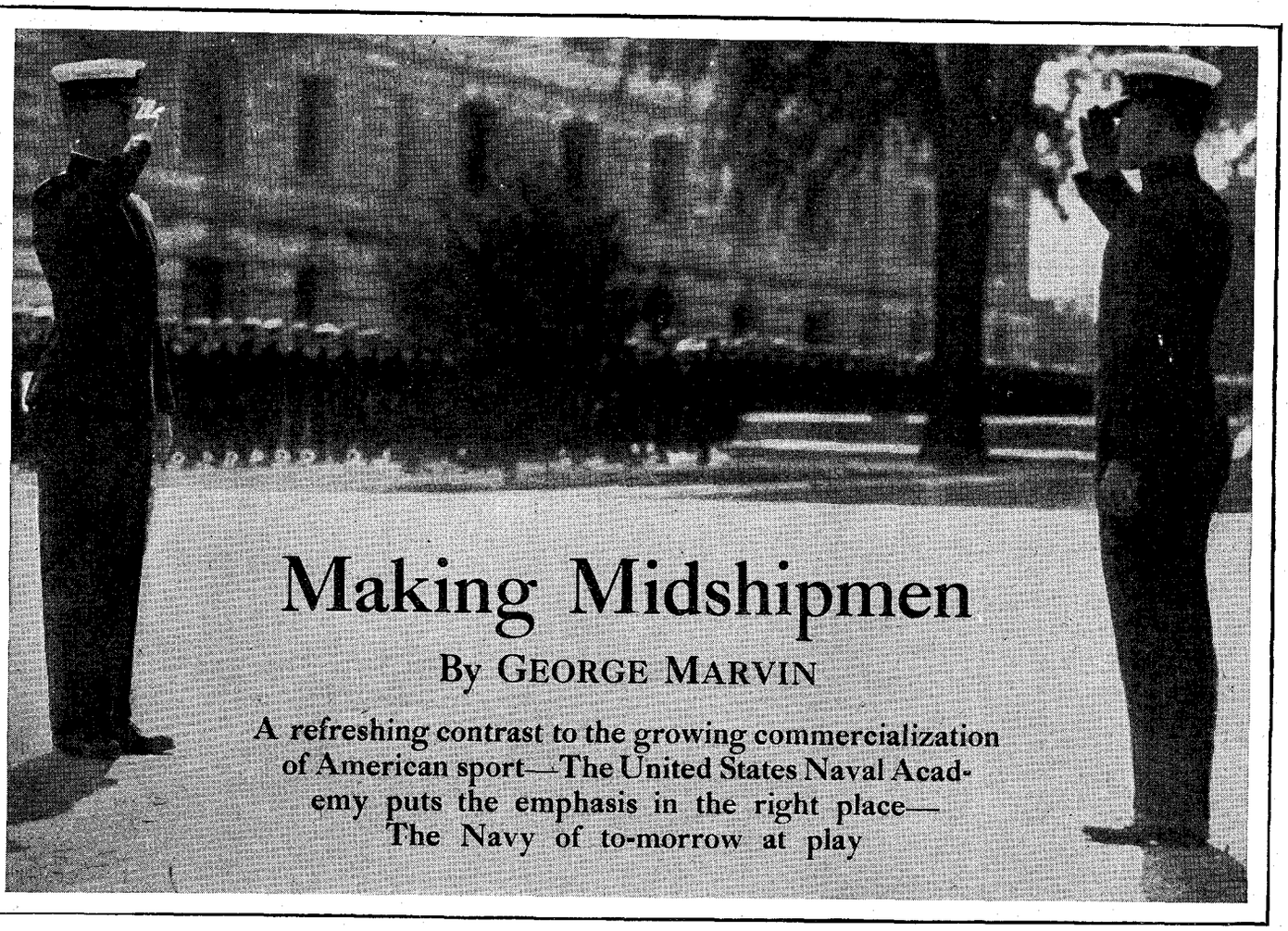

Making Midshipmen

By GEORGE MARVIN

A refreshing contrast to the growing commercialization of American sport—The United States Naval Academy puts the emphasis in the right place—The Navy of to-morrow at play

NOCTURNE: a long, long field that so nearly meets salt water at sea-level that field and the tidal estuary of Severn River seem one great gray expanse reaching out into the evening mystery of Chesapeake Bay. Where the channel of the river meets the bay a lighthouse stands up and winks a red eye confidentially to those on shore, signals apparently ignored on the full tide by the shadowy sails of fishing boats going calmly about their business in great waters. Out of the blackness of its slip the antique ferry, a galaxy of lights bound for the Eastern Shore of Maryland, is pulled jerkily across the stage by mighty unseen supers, marking by its course that place in the perspective where the water really does begin and where the five-yard white chalk marks, converging towards the unseen horizon, really must come to an end.

This and more for background. On the foreground twenty huge projectors throw an eerie light like that which creeps over the land in a solar eclipse or comes as the overture to a cyclone, an unreal radiance made up of the aftermath of day and twenty times one thousand watts of electric current. And in and out of the chiaroscuro thus created, as far down the field as you can see, dart and step, converge and separate, a myriad of agile human figures.

And this is football practice at Annapolis on the eve of the annual Army game, which brings the season to an end. Close at hand stand three Rembrandt portraits which are recognizable, from previous contact in the sober light of day, as Admiral Wilson, Superintendent of the Naval Academy; Commander "Brick" McCandless, Director of Athletics; and Paul Dashiel, who used to referee Harvard-Yale games in the nineteenth century, when we were in college, and has helped to produce sound midshipmen for so long a period of years that, as the law books say, "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The Macabre beauty of the nocturne is obvious to any one that hath eyes to see. Its meaning, which entirely escapes the eye, is translated by the Rembrandt gentlemen emerging from the crisp November night in the becoming overcoats and caps adopted by the Navy since the war. Immediately at hand here "secret practice" is going on. All over the country, before their crucial games, the college teams conduct their practice in secret, for of such, so the coaches believe, are the tactical and strategic chances of victory made. From the murk of secrecy the "Varsity" comes out on Saturdays to play its games, disappearing thereafter from the loyal ken of undergraduates. But here at Annapolis the secrecy seems to be a kind of gentlemen's understanding. No gates, no fences or walls, no low visibility. The Varsity field is separated from the "Scrub" only by one of the long white chalk marks which disappear into Chesapeake Bay, precisely like other white boundaries separating successive playing areas far down the animated nocturnal expanse of Farragut Field. A while ago a polite individual in a warrant officer's uniform with a shining shield of authority in his coat lapel has approached you and saluted, saying, "Pardon me, sir, are you Mr. So-and-So?" On receiving an affirmative reply, he moves off with a smile and another salute to identify one of several passing motor cars which has stopped on the edge of the grass. That is the only, intangible precaution. Are you, or are you not, of the family? A healthy and simple "secrecy" quite in tune with the whole spirit of sport and athletics at the Academy.

Six hundred midshipmen are playing football to-night. There is the idea in a nutshell—Commander McCandless's idea, Admiral Wilson's idea, the 1924 idea of the Naval Academy. Sport, recreational games, and physical training for the entire regiment of midshipmen, two thousand strong. Not a few hand-picked midshipmen for victory. The profession of the Navy is necessarily a

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very active profession physically. The governing idea at the Naval Academy, the animating principle that runs through the day and the four years of the course, is the making of competent naval officers. That is the object of sport at Annapolis, not beating West Point, though the entire Academy and the entire Navy of alumni would rather beat the Army than all their other competitors put together.

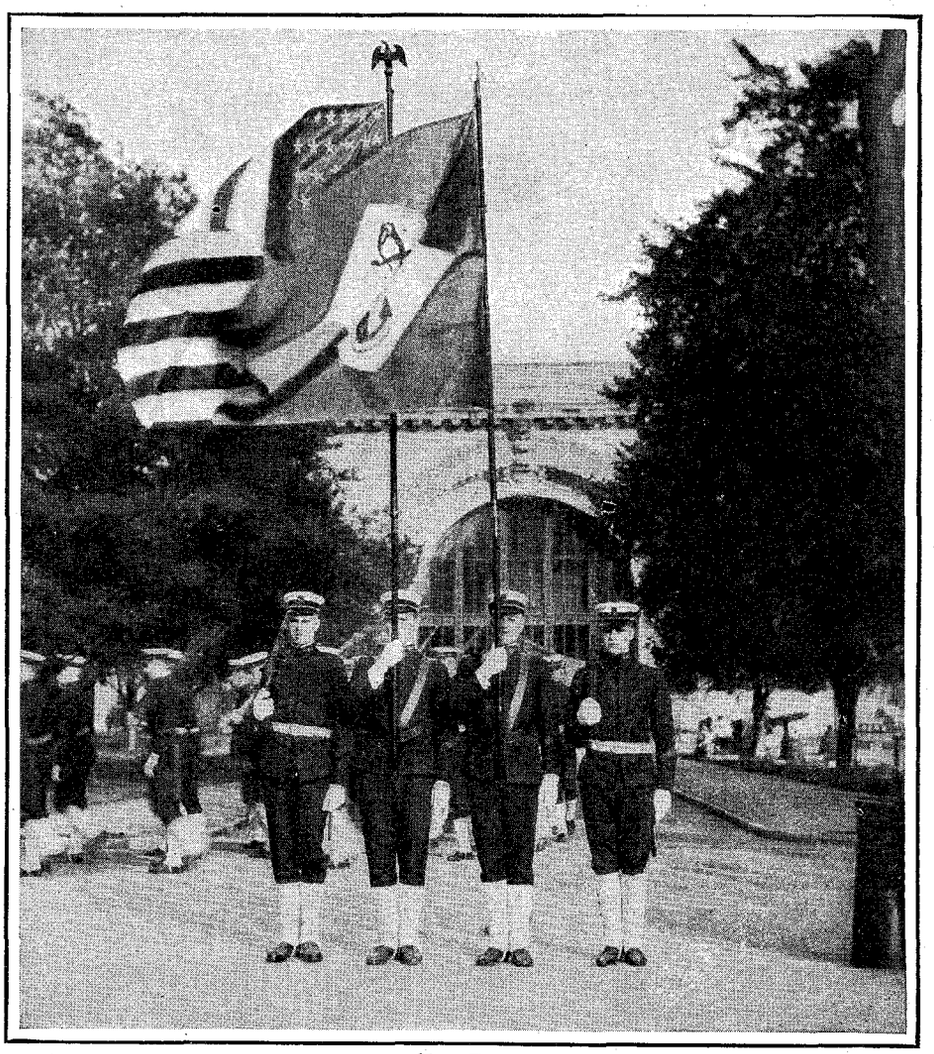
Consistently with this central idea the authorities at Annapolis have deliberately handicapped the "Navy" in its annual contests with the "Army" in the interests of sound sportsmanship. By a ruling adopted two years ago, no first-year man may now represent the Naval Academy in any form of competitive athletics. As the age limit for entrance at Annapolis is twenty—two years younger than at West Point—this rule, which puts the Navy on a par rating with Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, and other leading universities with regard to the eligibility of migratory athletes, makes it almost impossible for men who have represented colleges in competitive games during three or four years to qualify after graduation for four more years of athletic glory at the Naval Academy.

"What's this place for, anyhow?" roars Commander McCandless, who personifies graphically the sturdy, robust, and normal ideas of sport for sport's and the Navy's sake, which he strenuously advocates. "To provide amusement for the public? No. We don't want to commercialize our sport here. We haven't a single ticket to sell to the public. Our games are primarily for the regiment of midshipmen who play them, and secondarily for their families, graduates of the Academy, and those members of the Federal Government who are concerned with the service. Here's a National institution founded and run for the purpose of making sound midshipmen, sound naval officers—yes, and I'd say, sound citizens. We are glad to make our original contribution to the athletic wealth and good sense of the Nation. We are not interested in making a rehash of the products of other institutions for the sake primarily of winning victories and making Roman holidays."

No admission is charged for any of the sports held at the Naval Academy. The spectators, to the extent of the moderate seating capacity, are the Navy's guests. But Commander McCandless's statement is misleading in one respect. Admission is charged by the management of the big fields at the Polo Grounds, at the University of Pennsylvania, or now, this year, at the new and top-heavy stadium at Baltimore, for the annual football game between West Point and Annapolis, the proceeds of which go to help pay for the maintenance of athletics at both National Academies. Out of this fund and contributions to the Navy Athletic Association Annapolis pays the traveling expenses of all visiting teams, boards and lodges and entertains them freely and hospitably during their stay, and provides all necessary athletic equipment. A certain amount of commercialism is inevitably connected with the conduct of sport on a large scale. It is American to make a business out of recreation. But Annapolis has reduced the commercial element in competitive athletics to a minimum.

On the other hand, the really important element has been raised to something approaching nearly a maximum in a remarkably efficient system of physical training, games, and sports devoted to the single purpose of building competent officers for the United States Navy. The annual output of our American colleges and universities releases by graduation into civil life a very large proportion of young men who are in varying degrees physically unfit for their jobs. The diploma of the Naval Academy spells fitness. An ensign's uniform is the brand of qualification given to a midshipman who has passed through four years of physical requirements and satisfied rigid tests all the way. That uniform necessarily implies that its wearer is certified fit to command others and to command himself in the course of routine duty or in emergencies on board ship or ashore. This means much more than the civilian requirement for a good citizen. In appreciating how much it means we shall be able to rationalize the system of physical instruction and construction now in force at the Academy and to catch a glimpse, however necessarily superficial, of its thoroughness and of its beauty.

Most of us in civil life can go about our respective jobs as we individually please and get away with them. You can broke or bank authoritatively with a cigar in your mouth or slouch about the amassing of marginal millions on the "Street." Readers can't detect the shabby appearance of the author in his written word, and the tonsorial carelessness of a musician rather helps than hurts his music. In the Navy you have got to stand up and look like a man. More than that, in the somewhat elemental, but fundamental, respects that active service requires you must not only



The Colors

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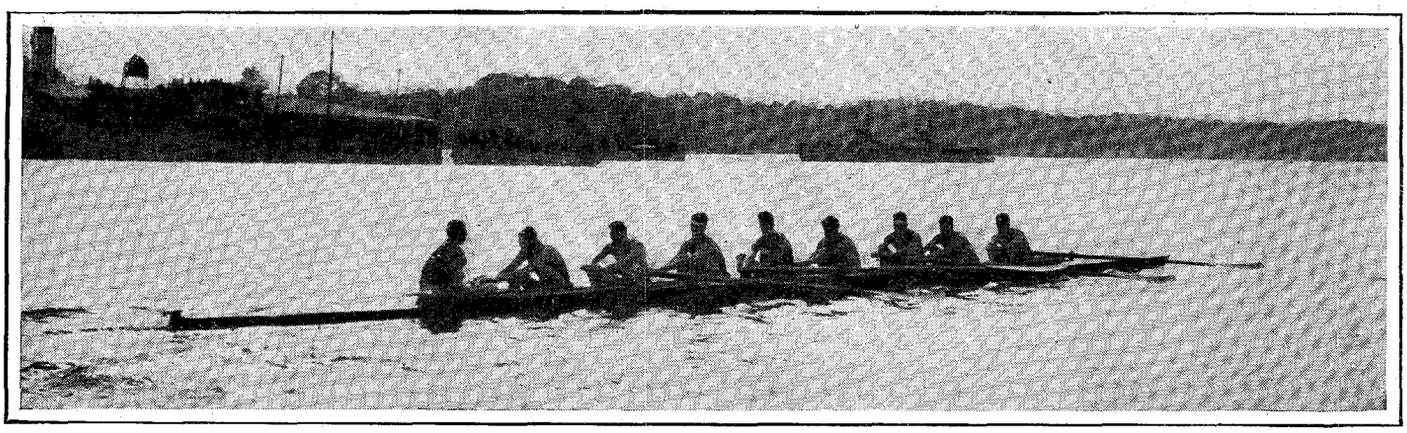

One of the class crews—"jet black on the shimmering reflection of the rising moon or arc lights ashore, a beautiful tableau of speed and rhythmic unison"

look like a man, you must repeatedly demonstrate in the course of daily business that you *are* one.

The relationship of a naval officer to his subordinates on active service demands that he impress them with authority. It is not enough that he possess the requisite qualities of leadership; he must put these qualities "across" not only by commands but very frequently by example. His is an alert, a vigorous, a fighting job. The abstract authority vested in him will prove in practice a pale thing unless he can substantiate it visibly by posture and in action. The first duty an ensign usually is called upon to perform independently after his sea assignment is taking command of swimming parties of enlisted men ashore or leading a division in setting-up exercises. During the first ten years of their sea careers all officers in the United States Navy are thrown daily into close association with their men, and they find that these men are intensely interested in all forms of competitive athletics. It is for the good of the service that this interest be kept alive and made as effective as possible. A large part of a naval officer's efficiency, therefore, involves the ability to lead, direct, and instruct his men in their sports.

Quite aside from this continuing relationship, and equally as important, are the recurring occasions and emergencies in a naval officer's life which call for the physical fitness which comes only after years of training. Coming aboard his ship from a "motor-sailer" on a dark night with a sea running, if an officer cannot jump for a careening gangway more than average well he is out of luck and in the water. The sea-fronts of many foreign ports are rough places. While waiting for his launch alone he is likely to be attacked; some of his own men, when blind drunk, will not recognize the gold braid of rank. The ensign, lieutenant, or commander must know how to protect himself from fair and foul attack. He must know how most effectively to use his fists, his cane, a sword, or an automatic, and at the same time deal with knives or guns or brass knuckles in the murderous hands of others. He must be fit and eager to lead landing parties under arms when there is serious trouble ashore and be capable of the acrobatic command of a cavorting, bucking destroyer in a heavy sea. And all of this in peace time, let alone the supreme tests of war.

Accordingly, life at the Naval Academy moves and has its being on the basis of a continuing physical requirement. Rhythmically it moves. If you are on hand at the end of any one of the daily recitation periods, you will see two drummers take their stations at the old Tecumseh figurehead half-way across the campus and, after a preliminary roll, start up a lively tattoo. By squads or platoons, by groups or sections, each under a leader, the midshipmen swing along the brick and concrete walks in step to the drums. Always in the prescribed uniform to suit season and weather, the going to and fro of these silent groups, far and near, fills the immediate landscape with a pleasant sense of vigor and healthful grace. The whole place is pervaded with the emphatic cadence of their passing. Later in the day two big bands of military music replace the drums for infantry drill by battalions. Lacking the rigidity and precision which have made the infantry maneuver at West Point for years the most perfect in the world, the regiment of midshipmen moves with almost equal perfection in alignment, but with a far easier, less formal, posture and gait. White leggings and glinting bayonets emphasize the cadence of the big bands and contribute to the genuine thrill which any normal lay spectator must feel in beholding such perfection of united movement and realizing, however dimly, the individual excellences of which it is fashioned.

While the one thousand young men who compose the dark navy-blue battalions are marching and counter-marching on the edge of the sea, the other two battalions, also a thousand strong, are going down to the sea in various kinds of ships. Long gray sub-chasers slip their moorings and stand out with foaming bows into the Bay. Each one of them in engine-room, deck force, chart-house, and bridge is manned by midshipmen under instruction. At the same time the Severn is patched by the white sails of the fleet of half-raters, each manned by a midshipman crew, which lie all day in a long line tied to the sea-wall, numbered in big black figures from one to twenty-five, until their personnel, running out from Bancroft Hall by platoons, sifts and disintegrates into small groups which eagerly jump aboard them. Then follows a flutter like gulls after an outgoing steamer, as ropes are cast loose, mainsails and jibs are set, and the whole argosy, following instructions as to course, beats bravely out to windward while the officer in charge on his impertinent launch whisks among them barking the megaphoned commands of his seamanship coaching. Other groups of sailors in white canvas clothes at the "double" come running down to davits where the twelve-oared cutters are slung up under cover. One by one the boats are swung overboard with a souse, crews jump on to the thwarts, oars are shipped, and on the white wakes left by the sub-chasers another fleet, with another agile launch to coach it, goes rowing more steadfastly out to sea.

All of this animation ashore and on the water comes under the head of "drill" and takes place daily from quarter-past three until half-past four. Hence the projectors. No midshipman gets a chance to play until after his work and his drill are done. By the time he has changed his clothes—and he changes them the way harness used to drop on a fire-engine horse—from drill requirements to the no less uniform requirements for recreation, the clock has moved ahead to 4:45, and in the football months darkness drops on Maryland at five. The Naval Academy saves all the daylight it can from the darkness of

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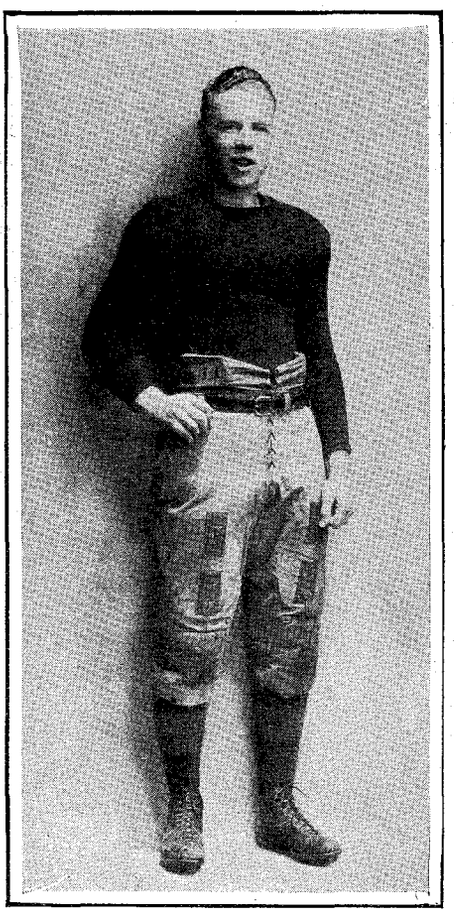
6:30 A.M. to the twilight of 4:30 P.M. Then it plays by projectors.

The six hundred restless figures whom we have seen fantastically separating themselves from black shadows into the lurid glow of burning cities and back again are all organized and part of the system. Starting with "Squad A," the Varsity, conducting its wide-open, gentlemanly secret practice at one end of Farragut Field, the playing gridirons are allotted in order thereafter to "Squad B," the Scrub or Second Team and its substitutes, then to the "Plebe" (first-year, corresponding to freshmen in the colleges), First and Second Squads, and then to the four class teams. After them, merged into mob violence far down the long perspective, come the teams of the eight companies which make up the regiment. And that's not all the football. Over on Worden Field, at the other end of the campus, about two hundred more running figures with bare knees and rolled-over stockings, their games dramatically lit up by other projectors, are playing football more literally with their feet in "soccer" matches, a game which has only in the last two years become popular at Annapolis. And—a consideration which has apparently ceased to have any importance at many of our American seats of learning—"a good time is being had by all."

But this impressive nocturnal activity is only football and accounts for considerably less than half of the regiment of two thousand makings of competent naval officers. What are the others doing? Walk down by the bank of the Severn. No projectors here. But out on the indigo water you will see long dark objects moving swiftly, the racing shells of the Varsity, the Plebe, and the class crews. Now and then you will get one of them, jet black on the shimmering



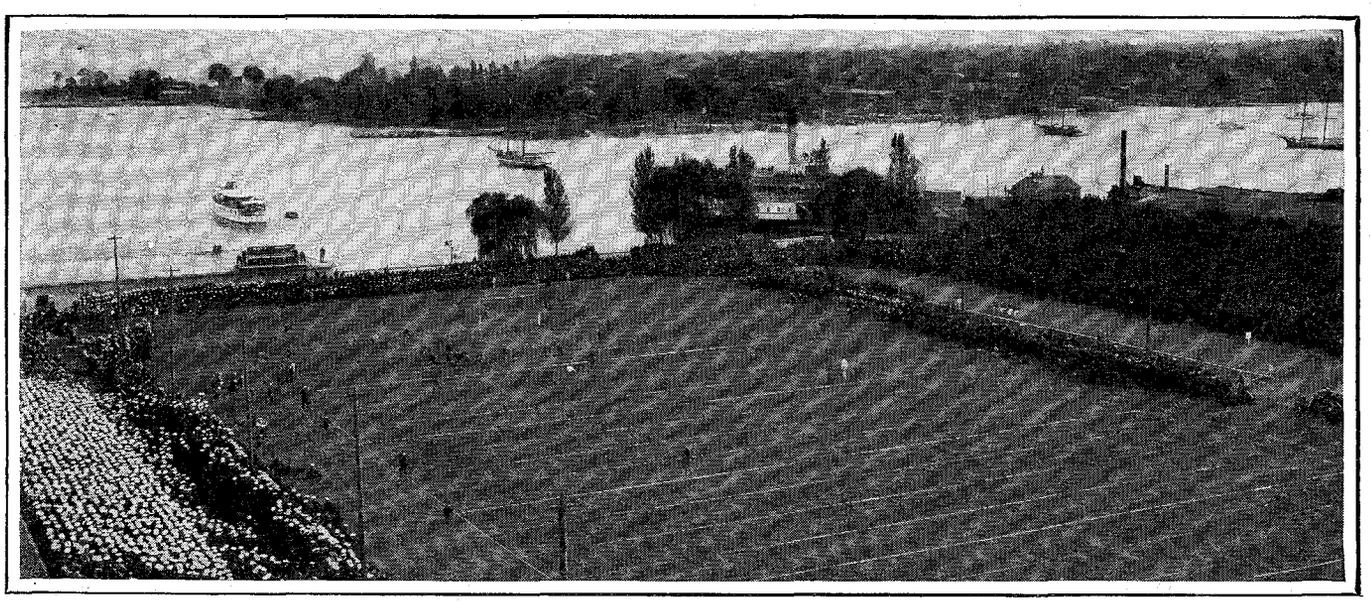
E. B. Taylor, Captain of the Varsity Football Team

The future admirals take their sport as recreation—not business—at Annapolis

reflection of the rising moon or arc lights ashore, a beautiful tableau of speed and rhythmic unison. On your way back to Carvel Hall, the picturesque Annapolis hotel, you will hear a patter of sneaker-shod feet on the macadam, and the cross-country squad slips by bare-legged and bare-armed in the frosty night. The tennis courts are alive with sailors in white "middy" blouses and baggy white canvas trousers, blue-bound white caps on every head—uniform *de rigueur* for all general recreation not necessitating especial upholstery—playing, as a rule, very mediocre but healthy, projector-lit tennis. In the gymnasium you will find the basket-ball squads unlimbering, while the few midshipmen who have been reported "deplorably weak" on their last periodical examinations are taking corrective exercises on the prescribed apparatus. These are the only individuals who do not seem honestly to be enjoying themselves. In the shimmering green, Rhone River, water of the swimming pool, the largest inclosed pool in the United States if not in the world, some human dolphins are diving and maintaining themselves with superb ease in their native element. Every one of the two thousand midshipmen has *got* to be a *good* swimmer, and all but two of them actually are. By the time you have seen the rifle squads marching back from the ranges, and the lacrosse players shelving their paraphernalia, the hand-ball courts, the wrestling and boxing rooms, you are in a state of mind transcending that of the small boy at the three-ring circus. In all of these sports there are class and company competitions, in addition to the frequent contests with outside teams. On Thursday or on Sunday afternoons, when most of the competitive events take place, it is humanly impossible to witness more than half of them.

"Stay over, if you can," said Commander McCandless; "we have eight football games to-morrow afternoon."

Sports at the Naval Academy fit into their appropriate place in the whole plan of instruction adopted by the authorities to round out the education of a naval officer. As a group they are to be distinguished from drill and from physical training, both of which departments also involve a large amount of exercise. Mere-



A football game on Farragut Field—The sport at Annapolis comes right down to the sea (Chesapeake Bay). The field looks almost like part of the Bay, and people are going down to the sea in ships and having their business in great waters right alongside

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ly to give a rough idea of the programme of physical training and tests would involve a separate article of this length. The work carried on in both departments is part of the regularly prescribed course of training. On the other hand, the games are optional. At least, regular participation in them is optional, although sufficient knowledge of them to qualify for intelligent oversight or even coaching of enlisted men is required. The spirit of sound sportsmanship at the Academy is therefore the more impressive when the records show that out of the total enrollment of two thousand necessarily healthy young men all but three or four hundred are regularly and voluntarily engaged every day in some form of recreational sport. As for the remaining four hundred, they may be accounted for in various ways. The evening period devoted to sports is also the only interval in the day which may be devoted to other occupations outside of the prescribed curriculum. The editorial boards of the Academy publications must do their amateur work in that period of two hours; the candidates for the "Masqueraders" meet and rehearse at that time, and the organization of the regiment demands that a quota of the midshipmen remain on watch in the various battalion or other offices which are always kept open or on extra duty while their comrades are at play. With the margin of discrepancy thus accounted for, it is doubtful if, with the possible exception of West Point, any other institution in the United States devoted to liberal education or the professions can show anything like such a high average in sport for sport's sake.

Resignation

By ELEANOR BALDWIN

I SHALL not tear the years apart
That life puts forth upon the tree,
Nor probe each fragrant bud to see
The wonder of its folded heart.

But I shall sit the green days through,
While one within that petaled room
Weaves, with unseen and silent loom,
Flower scent and leaf and silver dew.

I shall no longer interpose
With heat of will or pride of power;
I shall wait softly for that hour
When life will blossom with a rose.

The Real Master of Spain

By HENRY BESTON

The author of this article has just returned from a land where manners are still an art, though bayonets seem to rule

THE summer "palace" of Alfonso the Thirteenth at San Sebastian is badly in need of another coat of red paint, and looks like one of those verandaed mansions of the late eighties which linger on these days as second-rate country clubs. I have seen the King speed through its gate in a high-powered English motor car, a lean, pale, boyish man, smiling the automatic smile of a popular actor bored with his umpteenth encore, but I did not see the ruler of Spain. In Madrid, this summer, I watched the stout, serious, intelligent, and slightly pompous Marquis of something or other who used to be General Primo de Rivera before his recent ennoblement address a group of callers, yet again I missed the real master of the land. For the real power in Spain today is not the King, nor even the handful of army officers who are temporarily at the head of affairs. The real master of Spain is your conscript soldier of the national army of Spain—your Juan, your Enrique, your Jésu Maria—a short, chunkily built youth, wearing the Spanish infantry cap of black patent leather, a navy blue tunic, olive drab breeches, olive drab puttees, and black boots.

During my residence in Spain I came to know quite intimately an army officer of high rank who had been stationed in Barcelona at the time of the revolt. It will be recalled that General de Rivera was then in command of the troops in the Barcelona area, and that the "revolution," the *coup d'état*, or more simply the military mutiny, began in his regiments. I once asked my friend rather frankly about his share in the events.

"My task," said he, "was to explain our plan to the troops at the Fort of St. James, and ask them if they would stand by us. It was somewhat of a ticklish job, for had the soldiers turned a deaf ear, we would have all been tried for treason, and probably shot. But our misgivings were baseless. The garrison assented as one man. And once the troops were with us, the rest was easy enough."

So frequently has the new administration of Spanish affairs been coupled with the name of General de Rivera that the world mistakenly associates the "revolution" with a mere handful of officers. The truth of the matter is that this same "revolution" was really the work of the whole national army, for without the allegiance of the troops throughout Spain there would have been civil war.

An important point which I never find mentioned in discussions of Spanish affairs is that military mutinies and military governments are nothing new in Spain. The Spanish are more accustomed to them than any other European people; military governments are part of their history. In 1820 a military mutiny under General Rafael Riego drove Ferdinand VII from his throne, but Riego was unable to hold things together, and the resulting disorder

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brought about a French intervention in 1823. In 1841 a military rising under the famous General Espartero brought about a change of government and the exile of the Queen, but in 1843 Espartero was himself expelled by a countermutiny. The troublous years of 1868-74 found the Kingdom under the virtual control of the national army, led by Generals Francisco Serrano and Juan Prim.

There is even a modern precedent for General de Rivera's overthrow of the civil government. On January 3, 1874, General Pavia, Military Governor of Madrid, turned a corrupt parliament—"the Cortes"—into the street, and harried home the rhetoricians, adventurers, and plain rascals who made up its unlovely membership.

It is my belief that the Spanish have submitted to these military administrations because the Spanish race is essentially military and masculine—*varonil*, as the Spanish say. "Spain is the western frontier of Europe, and frontier peoples have always been military," said Don Euselio Zuloaga to me one day in the course of a conversation.

The soldier of Spain rules to-day because he is armed. He is the man with the final argument. He it was who made possible the military régime, and before it shall pass the soldier will have to be persuaded to share in its overthrow. The dispossessed politicians, "the old gang," may protest as much as they please, the liberal intellectuals may hire a thousand halls, but Juan, Enrique, and Jésu Maria stand outside under the street light, with their brown peasant hands at the stocks of guns.

As Once in Belgium

RECENT news tells of a meeting of protest interrupted in Madrid and of disturbances at the frontier of the Peninsula. It is difficult to tell just what has happened, for the censorship is strict, but the state of mind which underlies the protest is no mystery.

To begin with, the Government headed by General de Rivera is not a true government at all, but a military *administration*. The kind of "government" that exists in present-day Spain is the same kind of "government" which existed in Belgium when that country was administered by officials of the German army. I do not mean by this remark to give an impression of harshness and ruthlessness, for life in Spain under the de Rivera régime has been easy enough. I doubt if the casual observer would notice any change whatsoever. Army rule, however, is army rule; in social and political life it means obedience and discipline—hateful words in an age of democracies grown slovenly and corrupt; it means censorship, it means martial law; it means a swift and unsentimental justice.

Early last spring, for instance, a rascally official of the postal service conspired with certain civilians to rob a mail train. Their plot succeeded, and the two clerks of the mail car were found cruelly murdered at their posts. Within a short time the military administration had captured the criminals, tried them in a *military court*, and settled the thing with the aid of a firing platoon. The city of Barcelona, which has enjoyed a murder rate of an almost American brilliance, has become one of the most peaceable cities in the world.

Under the Sign of the Eyelid

NOW our human nature, as the sages have so bitterly complained, is exceeding wayward, and does not submit gracefully to masters, no matter how competent and well-meaning they may be. After a man has had a daily newspaper for three hundred and sixty-five days and has seen printed on it in large letters "Censored by the military censorship" exactly three hundred and sixty-five times, he is apt to become rather weary of censorship, and curious as to its right to exercise its office. This attitude is complicated by the fact that the Spanish people are extraordinarily tolerant. I am aware that this impression is not sustained by Spanish history; nevertheless it is true. A Spaniard who has wanted to declaim against the monarchy and rant about a republic has been always perfectly free to mount his soapbox. When such a man finishes speaking, the Spaniards, who are serious folk, make a casual gesture meaning "As you please, as you please," and pull down the lower eyelid of the left eye with their left forefinger—which universal national sign means, "You can't take me in, my dear fellow."

No, there are no parades of the inquisition, no solemn ritualistic pot-roasts, no "strong-arm" squads, no department of justice touts. Under the military administration, however, all this is a different story. Men have had to learn to hold their tongues and have care as to what they wrote.

Now when the army mind begins to impress itself on a nation's way of living and of thinking and ideas begin to take cover, the resulting discontent will invariably first show itself in a certain world—the world of the intellectuals. This is exactly what has happened in Spain. In the ancient, rabbit-warren dens of Spanish newspaper editors, in the corners of reading-rooms in modest clubs, in little cafés, and even in university cloisters, I heard continuous criticism this summer of the "intellectual arrogance" of the military administration. The censorship had destroyed the old tolerance—the Military Government was not looking forward to the inevitable day when the representative order must be restored—those opposed to the military policy had a way of being arbitrarily held in prison—harmless articles had been torn out of magazines.

Curiously enough, I found little sympathy with Miguel de Unamuno, the famous scholar and publicist whose protest forced him into exile. The reason for this lack of sympathy was a typically Spanish one—Unamuno's embittered, almost maniacal denunciations had overstepped the limits of courtesy and good taste. In "backward" Spain manners are still an art and a chivalric code which none may override.

It is to be noted that the protest was social and intellectual rather than political. The vanished Government had scarce a mourner, and there were few, few tears shed over the affront to democracy. The modern criticism of the democratic dogma has found many a champion among the intellectuals of Spain. Once in a while, of course, one did find an intellectual bewailing the fate of republican institutions in the best liberal style of 1848. A Spanish tirade *à la Hugo*. But such figures were few and far between.

The Intellectuals and Jésu Maria

DURING the last few days a protest against the military administration has been issued by a distinguished Spaniard and printed all over the United States. It is significant that this protest was not made by some liberal statesman, but an author—Blasco Ibañez. He mentions in it my friend and sometime host, Don José Ortega y Gasset, the distinguished Spanish scholar widely known for his study of the Kantian philosophy and its relation to modern life. To imagine Don José leading a revolt is to imagine William James leaving Cambridge to lead troops against McKinley.

The military administration has got on the nerves of the Spanish world that reads and takes an interest in affairs, and this discontent is the true Spanish background of the present disturbance. A squabble with "Anarchists" in industrial Catalonia, the uncertainty of the Moroccan campaign—these are minor and specialist elements. What really matters at present, of course, is the influence of "the intellectuals" on the soldiers Juan, Enrique, and Jésu Maria.

For the moment, I doubt if these good lads (and I have talked to dozens of them) know that "the intellectuals" exist!

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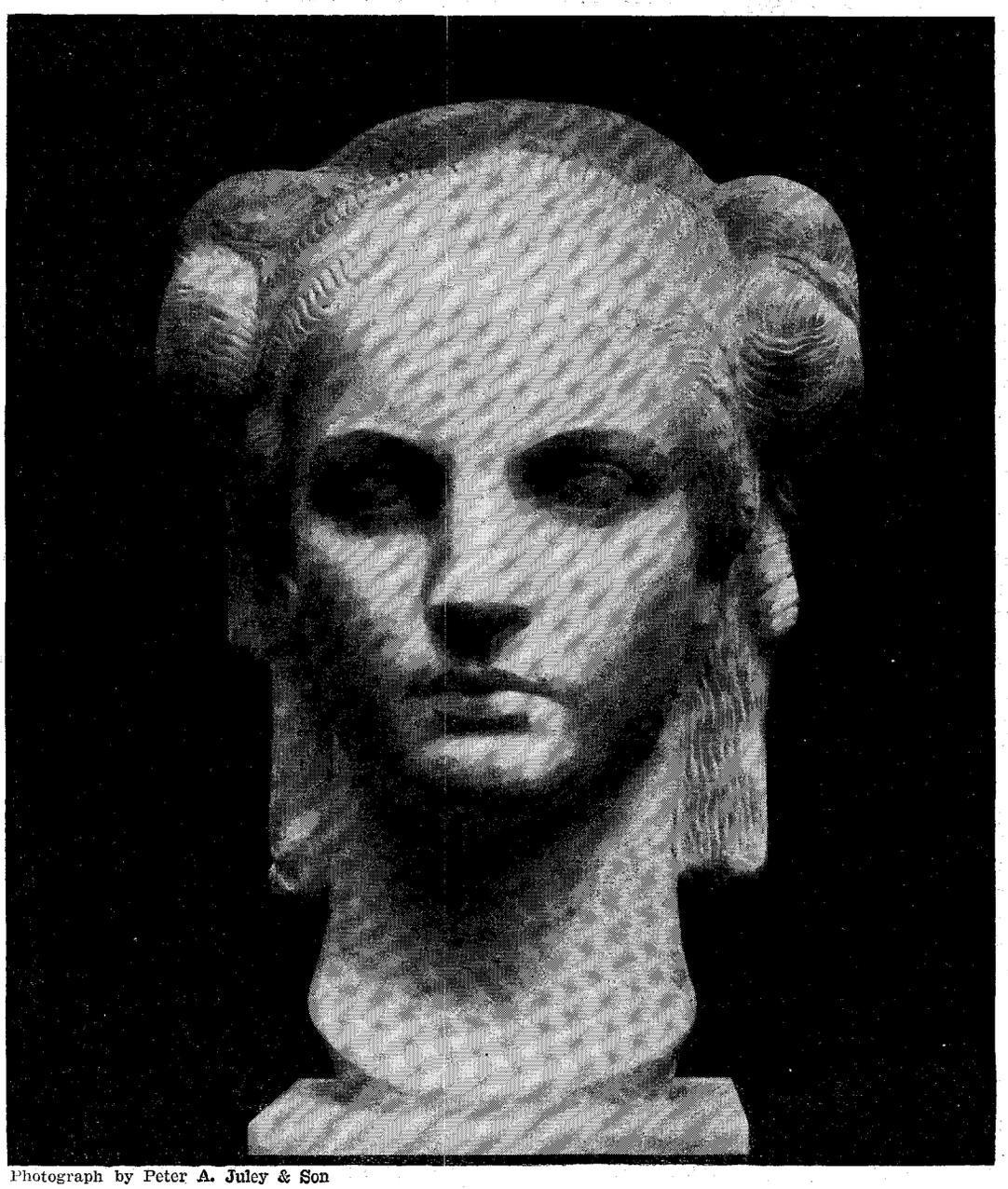
Prize-Winning Sculptures at the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design in New York City



Photograph by Peter A. Juley & Son

Persephone, by Gaetano Cecere
Awarded the Helen Foster Barnett Prize

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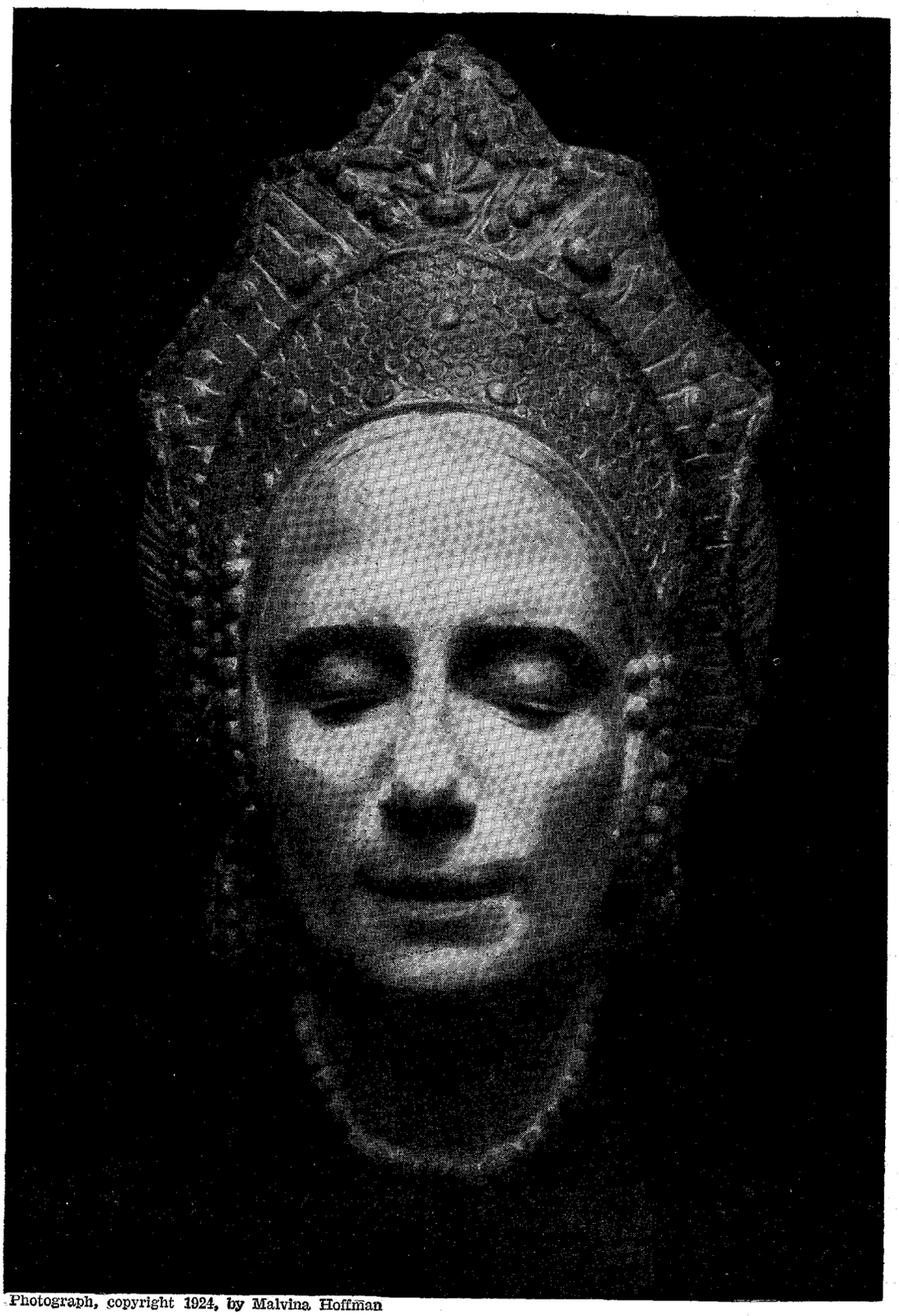

Photograph, copyright 1924, by Malvina Hoffman

Mask: Anna Pavlowa, by Malvina Hoffman
Awarded the Elizabeth Watrous Medal

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Evidences of a Religious Renaissance

By Kenneth Irving Brown

The story of athletes who tried to help, of ministers whose second thoughts were better than their first, and of a college president whose first thought was better than his second

LET it be admitted with candor that there is no great amount of rigorous religious thinking being done to-day, either by old or young. That was the condition which I met everywhere. There is very little antagonism shown to religion, outside of a certain radical labor group, and a few of the intelligentsia who, of course, recognize clearly that they have far outgrown the need for "the spiritual anæsthetic" which their fathers called religion; but there is to-day a great deal of indifference. I emphasize this to forestall the criticism that my observations can apply only to a limited number; admittedly that is true. There has been up to the present no spiritual revival among the young people *en masse;* they have not "got religion" in any of the senses in which our fathers used that term. And yet there are within that group which we have called Experimentalist, certain modes of thinking, certain standards of action, certain articulate desires, which are legitimate causes for optimism. Here are three practical reasons, taken from the lives of our young people, why faith in them and in the future is a reasonable demand.

The Religion of Sportsmen

I WROTE in an earlier article that the great demand being made by young people of religion is that it be useful. This insistence that religion be the concern of Monday as well as of Sunday has far-flung consequences. It removes at once the burden of proof from doctrine and rests it on conduct. It shatters the ancient barrier between the sacred and the secular. It refuses to recognize any honest profession or labor as higher than any other. While horrified oldsters imagine that it means a profanation of Sunday, in reality it should mean a consecration of the other six days.

Our fathers in their college days had their "Gospel teams" which went out to save the souls in neighboring townships. The deputation work to-day, which most of our colleges and many of our churches foster, is an outgrowth of the earlier order, but the need has been reinterpreted and the approach to the need enlarged in terms of a seven-day religion.

Although the work at Harvard is scarcely more than a year old, and on a scale far less extensive than that of Princeton or the University of New Hampshire, where a large and well-organized work is being conducted, may I use it as an example, for the reason that, although small, it is entirely a student product? In fact, it was a sophomore who first recognized the opportunity, and of his own initiative filled it. Although on the 'Varsity football squad and a track man, he had time to manage in admirable executive fashion five week-end deputation groups. Under his direction a group of students has carried on a deputation work which has won deserved praise from the pastors and Y. M. C. A. leaders with whom they have co-operated.

The plan of the work is something like this. A group of four or five students upon invitation plan to spend their week-end in a small town, with a programme which has been previously agreed upon. Usually Saturday afternoon is given to a track-meet or series of field events for the boys of the town; for the men on these deputations are capable athletes. Of the committee of 1923-4 one man was a member of the 'Varsity fencing team, and two other members of the 'Varsity football squad. Following this event, a supper is served, and the college men, who supervised the afternoon sports, give brief talks—talks on fair play, the spirit of the game, and the making of character. Sometimes an entertainment is offered during the evening which the entire town can enjoy; sometimes the evening is spent in friendly informality with the boys. On Sunday the deputation leaders conduct the church service, assuming full charge. The type of talk most commonly heard is autobiographical: "What Christianity means to me," or "What can I do for the Church?" The young men are not orators except in sincerity, which is the heart of oratory. Often they take charge of the Sunday school classes, and occasionally hold a Sunday afternoon meeting for parents and boys. In the evening, if the religious leaders of the town desire it, there is a union service of the Protestant churches led by the deputation members, or an assignment of the men to separate services in the various churches.

I can indicate the nature of this work in no better way than by quoting from a letter written and sent by the sophomore leader to each member of the group which went to Leominster, Massachusetts, for the week-end of February 10:

"The purpose of the deputation is two-fold: first, to lead the young people, especially boys with whom the team comes into contact, to higher standards of Christian living; and, second, to point out to the older people the importance of the youth in the community and in the world—that is, to emphasize the value of early and careful training.

"The method which the team uses to accomplish this end is not evangelistic. We do not go out to preach. It is through personal example and enthusiasm that we hope to leave a message with those whom we visit. To do this, we must understand how we ourselves stand in connection with the ideals of a Christian life. Forgetting metaphysical conceptions of God and of prayer, and the like, we should spend a few hours in quiet thought framing for ourselves some definite ideal of life—practical, every-day life. . . . To enable us to show other young people the necessity of reaching their own conclusions about a way of life and to show the older people the importance of encouraging the youth to this decision, I would like to point out that I have found from personal experience that serious prayer, however considered, is a valuable source of strength. I feel that we should remember the purpose of this trip in daily prayer."

A New Phase of Town and Gown

LIKE *religion,* the term *idealism* is shabby and frayed with maltreatment, but the idea is still powerful. Young people to-day are afraid of the word because of the shams which have masqueraded in its name, and yet there is no distrust of idealism. The response to a genuinely idealistic appeal is assured. Witness your Student Friendship Drives which have swept the colleges. Witness the position of the Louisville Convention on the matter of the League of Nations.

There is in one of our large Southern universities a young man, B. S. let us call him, of rare initiative and charm, who instituted a college movement during his freshman year and gained for it

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student support. The college at which B. S. is a student has no chapel service, either voluntary or compulsory; it prides itself on its "open-mindedness," and boasts of its "religious neutrality," may I call it? There is on the college ground a small building formerly used as a chapel, I believe, and B. S., with the imagination of youth, dared to believe that under the control of a student committee religious services might be held there, of such a nature as to interest some of the students for whom the local churches lacked attraction. His request to the college authorities for its use was granted, and straightway he and his friends set themselves to the task of providing speakers who would have a message for the men. There was no treasury out of which compensation might be offered to the visiting clergymen, and even traveling expenses could be given only with difficulty. When a trip to two large near-by cities was deemed advisable, B. S. set out to interview those men who might be induced to speak. But the academic season was well advanced, and many of the popular preachers were unable, in their willingness, to accept dates. Any one who knows the travail of securing speakers will appreciate B. S.'s position, but he persevered, and when he returned he had secured a promise from a bishop, and two tentative acceptances from other well-known speakers.

The quarrel of gown and town is, I suspect, perennial. Long had the churches criticised the college, and long had the college retaliated with its bluntest of weapons—silence. But B. S. saw his opportunity. With two of his friends he went before the Ministerial Association of that college city. He explained to them the plan for holding religious services on the campus, pointing out that there would be no conflict between the time of the meetings and the church services. Then he asked for their co-operation, as the campus church should need it. The Ministerial Association debated the proposition of aiding the students in their enterprise of promoting religion on the campus, and voted to refuse the co-operation they asked. When the oldsters refuse the youngsters support in any religious endeavor, comment is certain; church members criticised their pastors, and the college journal dealt editorially in none too gentle a fashion with the action. Under the pressure, perhaps under the saner judgment of reflection, the Ministerial Association at its next meeting rescinded its previous vote and agreed to co-operate in any way desired.

But the troubles of B. S. and his committee were not at an end. The bishop who was to speak first was prevented by sickness, and in the emergency B. S. secured the student pastor of his own denomination to fill the gap. The service was held in a chapel crowded by students. The next two weeks saw the withdrawal of the speakers who had agreed tentatively, and again B. S. was driven to call upon those town pastors who were available. Again the students showed their approval. It was after this third meeting that I visited the University and heard from B. S.'s lips the story of his discouragements. And in the heat of the moment he showed me a letter of which without violation of confidence I may speak. It was from a personal representative of the President of the University, who had been asked to oversee the endeavor, stating that the college had long had an enviable reputation as nonsectarian and that although the speakers whom B. S. had vainly endeavored to secure represented the several Protestant denominations, in point of fact those men who had spoken were Episcopalians. B. S. was an Episcopalian. The conclusion was clear to any thinking college authority. B. S. was using the chapel to proselyte for the Episcopalian faith. Therefore, wrote the authority, unless effort was made to remedy this situation at once, in the future the college would see fit to withdraw the use of the chapel.

Our National Problems and Applied Religion

AMERICA has no Youth Movement comparable to the movements of Germany and the countries of Asia, but there is visible in the present attitude of American young people toward the problems of war and peace, race prejudices, and our industrial and economic situation, the beginning of such a movement. The change in the National pulse was first felt at Indianapolis when the usual programme for that kind of convention, the appeal of foreign missions, prayer, personal salvation, etc., was discarded and instead the delegates knuckled down to these knotty problems which have become so inextricably a part of our individual and National existence. The Louisville Convention devoted its sessions in the main to these same subjects, especially the problem of war and peace. And the summer conferences at Geneva and Silver Bay have offered similar programmes.

There have sprung up spontaneously in our schools and colleges during the last ten years literally hundreds of groups of students with the professed purpose of practicing this every-day religion. The Student Fellowship for Life Service is not a new society, but since its reorganization at the annual convention last December it has entered upon a new order of activity and period of usefulness. Although a large number of these groups still remain independent, many have been welded together in the commitment of the Fellowship:

> I recognize the domination of pagan principles and motives in present-day business relationships, especially as shown in the flagrant disregard for human values in industry, the widespread denial of brotherhood between the white and colored races, and the devastation of the greatest values in life by war.
>
> I am confronted with the need for men and women with the spirit of Christ who will, at whatever cost, strive to make the principles of love and service effective in all these relationships throughout the world.
>
> I cannot do less than give my life to this task, and I solemnly covenant with God that I will earnestly seek until I find where I can be most effectively used by him.
>
> It is my purpose, with God's help, to stand for the supremacy of human values above all other values in life; to make the principles of love and service, as exemplified in the life, the teaching, and the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, the dominating motive of my life, with the full realization that this commitment may involve me in personal sacrifice, social ostracism, and financial hardship.

First of all, the students of the Fellowship and of the conventions are thinking. Second, they are trying to be very honest with themselves. Third, they will make whatever conclusions they reach a part of their lives.

It was not my privilege to be at the Indianapolis Convention, but I attended a three-day conference for the students of Greater New York at Drew Forest, Madison, New Jersey—an echo of Indianapolis. The topic for discussion was, Is our Present Acquisitive Economic Order Compatible with Christianity? The first day and a half were spent in what, to me, a not altogether sympathetic observer, seemed like unthoughtful and hopelessly Utopian analysis of the ills of our present economic society, and its evil consequences—a picture of almost unrelieved gloom; and I asked myself what was the use of it all. The evening of the second day, an evening of intense but to me unsatisfactory examination of the acquisitive instinct in human nature and the possible remedies for our acquisitive society, had left me weary and cold. At the end of the discussion the chairman, Professor Harrison Elliott, proposed this question, singularly apropos in its setting: Why should I concern myself with this economic issue? With the swiftness of a tropic dawn the spirit of the meeting was changed. Several were speaking

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at once and others were clamoring to be heard. "Because I intend to go as a foreign missionary, and cannot conscientiously go unless I have some economic remedy." "I am tired of the farce of calling myself a Christian and sanctioning in my heart what I believe to be an unchristian society." "I cannot go on talking love and being a part of an economic system of hate."

These are the typical answers, and others who had not spoken would have, had there been time. What did Christianity mean to those college students? It meant the art of living—nothing less, and that phrase of Dan Chaucer, worthy of eternal engraving, came to mind:

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne,
Th' assay so hard, so sharp the conquering.

The Odéon Visits America

By MONTROSE J. MOSES

A great French actor brings to America a new brand of Shakespeare and an old French tradition

THE appearance of the Odéon Theatre Company in New York brings us very close to the richest traditions of the French drama. Its long life, since it first received letters patent from Louis XVI in 1779, constitutes a brilliant page, not alone in France's theatrical history, but in its national history as well.

The first great success the Odéon had was Beaumarchais's "Le Mariage de Figaro;" and it was soon after this that the theater fell into the hands of the Revolutionists and became the Théâtre de l'Égalite, while Beaumarchais helped finance France's aid to the struggling American colonies across the ocean. Thus we see the Odéon hand in hand with revolution at its very beginning.

If one were to ask Firmin Gémier, the present director of the Odéon, what was the official title for his playhouse, he would say that this artistic child of France had two names: one is Le Théâtre National de Odéon; the other is Le Second Théâtre Français. Questioned further, he would undoubtedly answer that, subventioned as it is by the French Government, in the minds of the lawmakers it is a bridge between the Conservatoire, which is a national school of dramatic art, and the Comédie Française. Many times have rumors reached us in America that the Comédie was about to break its tradition and come to us with its prestige; but that tradition has not been broken, and it sits tight. That the Odéon is here is symbolic of the invigorating purpose and effect of that organization not to be so classically traditional either in its policy or its interpretation as to be regarded in the light of a mere museum. More or less, the Théâtre Français is the dramatic museum of France.

Very happily, Gémier has stated the difference between the Odéon and the Théâtre Français. The position of his playhouse in the minds of the French people is that of an advance guard; dramatic literature here finds its newness tested and refined. At the Théâtre Français dramatic literature receives its consecration. It is young France that gains a hearing at the Odéon; young France among the actors and actresses who come to it from the Conservatoire, and gain their surety and win their first recognition. Talma, Lemaître, Coquelin, Monet-Sully, Bernhardt, Guitry, Hading, and Réjane have stepped from the stage of the Odéon; such names are the high flowering of its work. Without being educational, in the sense we Americans speak of an educational theater, nevertheless the Odéon has had as its chief desire the formation and maintenance of public taste, and as its chief aim in production the measure of a live French culture.

De Mirjian Studios
M. Firmin Gémier, Director of the Odéon

Under the direction of Firmin Gémier since 1922, the Odéon has had added to it an experimental aspect which places it among the most progressive of the French playhouses. He is a man actuated by a most invigorating constructive sense. Since the days when the ban was first lifted from the classics—for many decades the Théâtre Français reserved to itself alone the right to produce the classics—there has been a certain reticence among the numerous directors of the Odéon about changing the traditional manner of interpreting their classics. But Gémier—in the current of theater progress—has revivified the stage of the Odéon by progressive methods of production. His past experience, both as an actor and as a producer, has been significantly livened by his constant association with Antoine. And the name of Antoine spells in a sense Revolution.

It was Antoine who took the spirit of modernism with him when he became director of the Odéon. Gémier, now that he fills the same post, extends the boundaries of this free outlook. His is the interesting type of the revolutionary mind that has at the same time a thorough understanding of the past. It is this perspective, it seems to me, which actuates his strong desire that the people, and not a coterie, should sense through him the very heart and spirit of the drama of the past. He has, as manager, offered to the people of France drama of the Greeks, of Shakespeare's day, of the Middle Ages. If one senses correctly his policy, since he became director of the Odéon he is actuated profoundly by the social sense. He feels that the Odéon has a mission to perform, broader than merely the boundaries of Paris. If the university students of Paris have the privilege of seeing a national theater in repertory, so have the students of university centers outside. This social duty in Gémier has taken other directions; he believes that the theater's mission is to keep alive for people of differing localities and traditions the spiritual significance of their background; the folk-lore of their natures must be kept alive. So on the stage of the Odéon, for special matinées—through the power of declamation—the

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Photograph by Gilbert René, Paris

The Théâtre de l'Odéon, situated near the Luxembourg Garden in Paris—built in 1782, rebuilt in 1808 and 1819. The monument at the left is to Emile Augier, the dramatic poet

storehouses of ballad and song have had their appointed mission. It is as though the English race, proud of their ballad tradition, should—between the acts of a play or at special matinées—open up to the people at large the richness of Percy's "Reliques," supremely read.

This visit of the Odéon, therefore, represents another vital touch of New York's theater-going population with the invigorating art of Europe. Adherents of Reinhardt are jealous of the claim that Gémier's innovations in production are original with him. They assert that the French director learned much from Reinhardt's Circus Theatre, learned a great deal from such productions as "Sumûrun," and such efforts as have been made in Germany toward the obliteration of the proscenium arch and footlights or for the extension of the stage into the audience. In extenuation of his own position, Gémier has himself spoken: "I have introduced certain innovations," he says, "which have been praised by some and condemned by others. Time alone will judge. In the meanwhile I am being copied, which is proof enough that I am not being discounted. I have been accused of copying Reinhardt. I can readily show that he is my imitator, for before him—in 1903, to be exact—at Lausanne, I introduced in the *Festival Vaudois* those ideas which one now accepts as German." In other words, Gémier claims that he abolished the footlights and brought his stage into the audience before he ever heard of Reinhardt.

I am not trying thus to raise a discussion. Gémier is hardly the type of man to make a stir about priority. The theater means too much to him for such trivial pother.

In 1921 James K. Hackett received an invitation from the French Ministry of Fine Arts to come to the Odéon to play Shakespeare's "Macbeth." Thus was started a kind of "exchange" spirit, which has in university circles been so successfully handled in exchange professorships. Gémier has further evinced interest in America; he began his search for a typical American contribution to the Odéon repertory, which finally resulted in the selection of Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones." The late President Harding recognized that this reaching out for the American artist was more than a mere compliment. The presence of Firmin Gémier in this country is the final consummation of diplomatic courtesies, handled by Secretary of State Hughes. The French actor paid his respects to the President, Mr. Coolidge, laid his tribute on the grave of the Unknown Soldier, and the Odéon Theatre, passing through the bars of immigration which were let down for the occasion, became art and diplomacy along the Great White Way.

Mayhap Gémier wondered while he was down in Washington why he had so much to do with the Department of State, and questioned whether our Minister of Fine Arts was not on his vacation. But it has been our policy to handle our art matters in a department which takes care of Indian Reservations! There are many similar thoughts which may have been uppermost in Gémier's mind while he waited for his company to join him in New York. The American theater has no official life; the Government shakes hands with noteworthy artist visitors, but has no budget for securing the welfare of such visitors. The Odéon comes to New York, therefore, through the generous bestowal of funds by Mr. Otto Kahn and through the business management of Mr. Lee Shubert. We have no official house in which to welcome them; we have no adequate equipment which accumulates through repertory to aid them. Officially the theater has no recognition in the life of the American Nation. The visit of the Odéon should therefore give us a healthy shame. Washington's dramatic art center is Keith's or Poli's!

The visit of the Odéon is limited to six weeks, three of which have been spent in New York. In that time six plays have been given. The repertory was ill advised in the beginning. However deficient we are in the "official" character of our theater, we are progressive in our understanding of the best in Europe. Where in the past our audiences have been pampered to death by over-burdensome decoration, we have been well tutored in the newest methods of the theater: our artists have seen to that. And so the first impression of the Odéon is that, if they are representative of the manner in which France mounts plays, then carelessness, crudeness, and inadequacy mark the French external scene. But somehow, though one blamed Gémier for such inadequacy in his two plays, "L'Homme qui Assassina" and "Le Procureur Hallers," when the evening of Lenormand's "L'Homme et ses Fantômes" arrived, one began to warm to Gémier's effective way of handling sixteen scenes and the vigorous freshness

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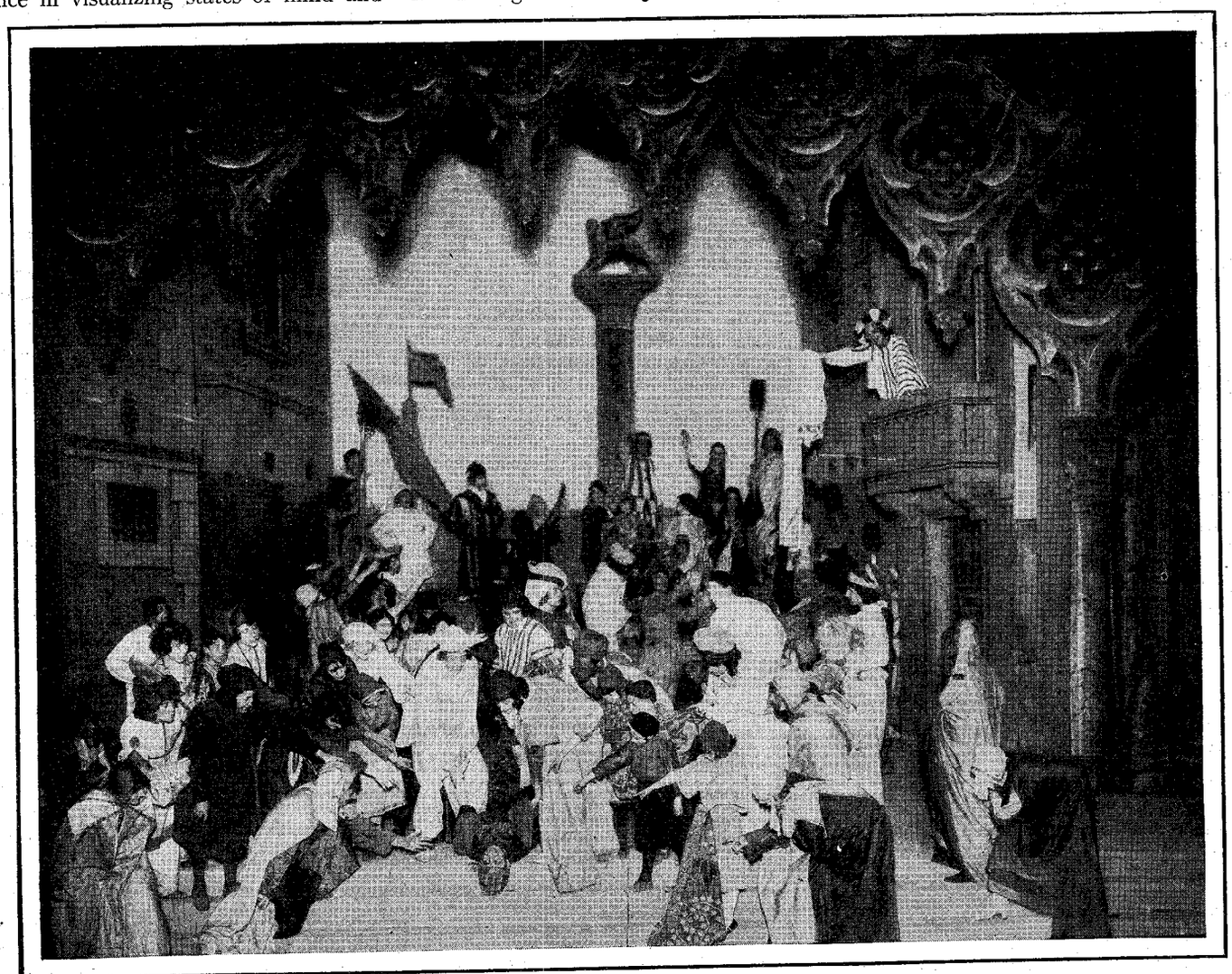
of his approach. For this drama is fragmentary, yet held together by a firm stage direction. Pampered as we Americans are by the extravagance of production, the scenic background for both Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" and Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" seemed poor and old-fashioned.

The repertory of Gémier's first week was frankly disappointing; we were given melodrama of a period long since discarded in our theater, except in by-places and in the movies. But in the Hallers drama we were able to contrast Gémier's method with Mansfield's in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Richard Mansfield never cared to play the Stevenson character, because, as he often said, he was forced to resort to the vulgar use of a green spotlight to note the change of his nature. Hallers is a reputable magistrate who at times, through a psychic change in nature, becomes a thief and consorts with thieves. The change from one person to another is done by Gémier as a psychological difference, and his alteration in physical stability and facial expression shows—as was later exemplified in his Shakespeare and Molière rôles—his refreshing excellence in visualizing states of mind and his expertness in facial control and make-up. Once more I was reminded of Mansfield when Gémier during the Lenormand play expressed the changes in soul as the character Man progresses through varying downward experiences to his death. Mansfield as Ibsen's Peer Gynt showed an external difference; he never aged psychologically, as Gémier did.

The Director of the Odéon during 1916 established in Paris a Shakespeare Society; it was at that time he presented "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Taming of the Shrew." Both of these he brings with him to America. The latter play is to be his final offering. One must separate Gémier's conception of Shylock from his handling of the play which, so the programme states, was adapted by M. Lucien Népoty. The rôle is in conception essentially like Irving's and Mansfield's—brutal, unsympathetic—and at times bordering on the edge of farcical. But it was invigorating mentally. Its limitation in the minds of an American audience witnessing a French version was largely due to the stupendous shamelessness with which the adapter departed from Shakespeare, and failed to give us the Jew that Shakespeare drew. This version goes Booth and Irving one better. At various times the English and American actor ended the play with Shylock's exit in the trial scene, but M. Népoty (peace be to his artistic conscience!) during the final scene of the rings in Portia's garden brings Shylock on stage, garbed as a Capuchin monk, and has him hammer Jessica over the head with the deed which gives to her much of his goods and chattels. As another instance of daring, we turn to the one moment when Shylock does actually demand our sympathy—the discovery by him that Jessica has gone. This French Shylock is beset by a host of revelers and is beaten up much in the fashion that a band of schoolboys would annihilate a loan shark. The American audience rocked with mirth at the strangeness of it all.

In the Odéon's repertory, however, there was to be noticed an ease of interplay, a fluency of speech, a grace of manner, which betokens the most healthful effects of repertory. If the Portia was wholly inadequate, the same actress's Derimene in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was classically effective. One notes with relish the distinction of such an actor as M. André Varennes, who



Photograph by Gilbert René, Paris

The Masquerade, Act II, "The Merchant of Venice," as presented by M. Gémier

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passed with ease from a Turkish potentate in "L'Homme qui Assassina" to Antonio in "The Merchant." One likewise makes note of the exquisite knowledge back of the comedy of M. Pasquali, whose Master of Philosophy in the Molière play was a triumph of comic freshness and skillful use of farce.

We single these out because they represent Gémier's best that he has brought us from his acting group. We in America have isolated acting which is quite as good. But it is lacking in the opportunity afforded by the policy of the Odéon.

As for Gémier, he is fundamentally a comedian. We can imagine that as Jourdain in "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," he would, by the freedom of his interpretation, set many a classicist on edge. Its broad color suggests the best of farce, but beneath it is the invigorating understanding of character which brings it higher into the realm of the truly comic. It is not given us Americans to see much of Molière. This was refreshing fun.

We are glad of the opportunity to see Paris's Second Playhouse. It leaves us not wholly discouraged as to what we have to offer of like character if only we had the center in which to offer it. There is nothing about the Odéon company as profoundly invigorating or as challenging as Stanislavsky and the Moscow players. But somehow in the presence of an institution that has a history behind it there is at least a respect for any group that has during so long upheld an art and served the people. We have as yet no playhouse that we may so regard. And I doubt if we ever will until it is generally conceded by us that a theater is as necessary to a community as a railroad station. Think what a National theater could be made out of the Grand Central Station in New York or the Union Station in Washington!

Mail at the Last Post Office

By Ralph E. Henderson

WE do not call it "the morning mail," nor "the daily mail," nor "the domestic mail," nor "the foreign mail." To us it is, inclusively and delightsomely, *the mail;* and it does its best to arrive regularly on Tuesday mornings.

For us the mail is the world toward which our hopeful little road struggles (leading away so steadfastly across the rice fields from the jungle-grown moat, but allowing itself to be twisted into the most bewildered and discouraged wanderings by the very first range of hills), the distant energetic world at which our tall blue peaks seem trying to catch glimpses over one another's shoulders. On mail morning we look with preoccupation at the little tiled houses and the thatched huts, the townsfolk in silks and the hill folk in indigo rags. For one hour in the week we are citizens of a world removed by centuries of years and of leagues from this drowsy town of the Burma borderland, "the world forgetting and by the world forgot."

Last Friday afternoon, when I was laying before Babu Abdul Rashid, our esteemed Bengalee postmaster, the necessity of giving me solid round silver rupees in exchange for certain locally useless currency notes delivered to me by the Government treasury, he remarked, as he thumbed the greasy pages of the Indian Posts and Telegraphs Guide 1923, that the mail mules had been delayed a day at the swollen Salween River—so the Babu at the Salween had just reported over the wire. That made me lose most of what he read for my enlightenment from section so-and-so, though I did comprehend from the reading that "the postmaster cannot be called upon to exchange currency notes." Not that my lapse mattered greatly, indeed, because Babu Abdul Rashid, having shown with undeniable conclusiveness that he could under no conditions be required or expected to cash currency notes for any person whatsoever, changed the position of his glasses and the tone of his voice and proceeded to inform me that he was not actually *forbidden* to cash currency notes, and that he would probably be able to accommodate me on the days when there was plenty of silver in the safe; in fact, that he could oblige me for the small amount I desired almost any day—the present day and the present moment, if I wished. This, of course, was not a surprising conclusion; Babu Abdul Rashid is a very Dempsey among his straw men. So I thanked him and listened for something over a few minutes while he recounted how the Sawbwa sometimes sent over as much as twenty thousand rupees of state funds in currency notes to be cashed in silver, and how he, Babu Abdul Rashid, had once found it necessary to pay a messenger two annas for carrying the rupees to the Sawbwa's palace, and this from his own pocket, as it was an unofficial favor which he could not show for an item among his regular post office expenditures. Of course I recognized the enormity of this, and before I left I promised most solemnly that it should not happen in my case.

On Tuesday morning I found the suspense decidedly disturbing. Would the mail arrive as usual that morning, or would that day lost at the Salween prove a handicap not to be overcome? We of the last post office are continually tormented with just such profound riddles. So at 10 A.M. I rode down to the post office.

Sao Kawng Tai's handsome chestnut "Waler" was already there, methodically destroying the bamboo fence, which white ants have long since reduced to infirmity, with attempts to eat more than the top from a green stalk of corn in a neighboring garden. Sao Kawng Tai's Waler is the biggest horse in the State, and this is right and proper, for Sao Kawng Tai is first prince of the royal house—the local Prince of Wales, so to speak. Within a year or two, when his father the Sawbwa retires in his favor, he will accede to a glass-studded throne and a salary of two thousand rupees a month (and if the salary be not augmented from extraneous and taxatious sources the people will have cause to rejoice in a millennium); also to a very large palace rather in need of whitewash and gold paint, and to differences of opinion with the resident British Political Officer.

One walks in at the door marked with white-and-blue enamel lettering "No Admission," and is given a chair by the post office assistant. The rebuking sign, of course, is intended only for those who cannot read it. "Good-morning," called Sao Kawng Tai, who was doing up a package in a corner, and "Good-morrning," said Babu Abdul Rashid, putting rather more "r" into it than would a Scot.

Babu Abdul Rashid was in his chair of office, and before him stood a bright-eyed Indian merchant. This merchant had been discoursing volubly till I entered, and Babu Abdul Rashid had evidently been trying to put the gist of his remarks into a twelve-word English telegram. No wonder the good Babu looked

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harassed, I thought; so I asked for his opinion as to the arrival of the mail that morning. He showed his appreciation for the interruption by laying down his pen and removing his spectacles. But as to the mail, perhaps it would come and perhaps it would not. He could not say, and he did not have an opinion. Babu Abdul Rashid is careful not to have opinions on subjects not mentioned in the Indian Posts and Telegraphs Guide. On such subjects as are dealt with in that excellent volume his opinions, even offhand and unconsidered, differ only in pronunciation from what you or I might read from the proper page. But he is always happy to conjecture upon what subject you will, so long as it is clearly understood that he favors no particular conjecture. He conjectures now, fingering his spectacles and conjuring up an array of possibilities which is a credit to his imagination. He speaks of landslides, malaria, tigers, mud, *surra*, bridges, opium smoking; and the merchant listens with charmed attentiveness, understanding never a syllable. He goes on to mention earthquakes, and is evidently casting about in his mind for an even wilder fling of fancy, when the merchant, mistaking the pause for a full stop, flings a pent-up torrent of Hindustani into the hiatus, and Babu Abdul Rashid puts on his spectacles, picks up the pen with a sigh, and resignedly considers the telegraph form before him.

Sao Kawng Tai cuts the strings of the package with his needle-pointed dagger, and returns the dagger to its ivory-and-gold sheath in his belt. The package contains one of the town's famous lacquer-and-gold bowls, he tells me, and he is sending it to some American friends in Chicago whom he met on the steamer between Liverpool and Bombay. Sao Kawng Tai has recently returned from a year's study in England, and his English is accordingly excellent. He does not affect English clothing except in those comforts, shoes and a "sola topee." His flowered silk pantaloons and silk jacket harmonize with the courteous affability of a Keun prince. Our talk is of American duty charges, and alfalfa, and focal-plane camera shutters, and the three-yearly festival of boiling and eating potato devils, which is just now being celebrated within the palace grounds. The purpose of this last, he tells me with a smile, is to lay so fearful an example and warning before those actual devils of—we may not say flesh and blood, but at least far sterner stuff than potato, that they will flee the palace precincts for a space of three years.

The mail arrived—verily and indeed, it did. The file of ten tough and disreputable mules, chaperoned by ten no less tough and disreputable muleteers, made its way through the sagging gate even while Sao Kawng Tai spoke of potato devils.

The letter sack is soon gaping on the floor, and Babu Abdul Rashid begins the ceremony (it is no less) of distributing the mail. Each letter must be held in his own hands, and the full name and address which it bears read off in his own clear, unhurried voice. The post office assistant, who also reads English, may have no part in the rites, except only that he may receive each letter after the Babu's reading and place it on its proper pile. Some might consider this exactitude a trifle superfluous; it is true that there are only four white households in the State to which mail can go. But would we exchange our postmaster for a more efficient one? Indeed, there is that which is rarer than efficiency in him! I have it on the authority of the Commandant himself that upon the occasion of his terrier sniffing at our postmaster's legs the devout Babu breathed aloud in a sorrowing murmur that he must now bathe ceremonially seven times, and that even with such purification he was debarred from prayer that night. Is efficiency to be compared with such piety, such discernment of the propriety and fitness of things? Of course, then, we recognize the slow reading as a decorous ceremony, not to be criticised from any low pedestal of utilitarianism. After all, *the mail* must not be flung about as if it came every day.

After a season it is duly given to us.

And now, with your permission, it is our privilege to learn of your doings—you of the world beyond the high blue hills and the wide blue seas.

Let Nothing Worry You

By GEORGE WITTEN

Bosworthy Brown believed in playing safe, and Frank Boyer put his trust in Bosworthy

"ALWAYS keep within the law," said Bosworthy Brown, while his podgy, diamond-covered hand toyed with a massive gold chain slung across his ample waist. "Atlanta is pleasant enough at certain seasons, but as an all-year resort it doesn't appeal to me."

The younger man smiled with the recklessness of youth. "But this is a cinch! We can put it over in a few weeks! Make a clean-up, and quit the game!"

"Nope"—Bosworthy shook his great head—"we'll stick to royalties; they're the greatest sucker bait on earth, and the law can't touch you."

He dismissed the subject by turning his attention to the affairs of the Bosworthy Royalty Company, which he had organized after the lawful failure of the Brown Royalty Corporation, which had left the investors in Brown Royalty shares with a return of three cents on the dollar and Bosworthy Brown with $300,000 in the bank.

Ralph Cummings was a Texas rancher who had acquired a small farm, from which he had by hard work supported his wife and four children. Suddenly mineralogists had come into the country and discovered oil on his land. The Imperial Oil Corporation had purchased his mineral rights, agreeing to give him a royalty of one-eighth of the gross profits of the oil taken from his land, and had clinched the bargain with a first payment of $500.

Cummings had dreamed dreams of wealth. Around him he had seen his neighbors rise to positions of affluence from their oil royalties. But three years had passed, and the Imperial Oil Corporation had not yet started to drill on his land. His first payment of $500 had long since gone. He had not felt it wise to go to the trouble and expense of putting in a crop, because the crop would have been ruined when the Oil Corporation commenced to drill their wells. Gradually he had sold off his cattle and

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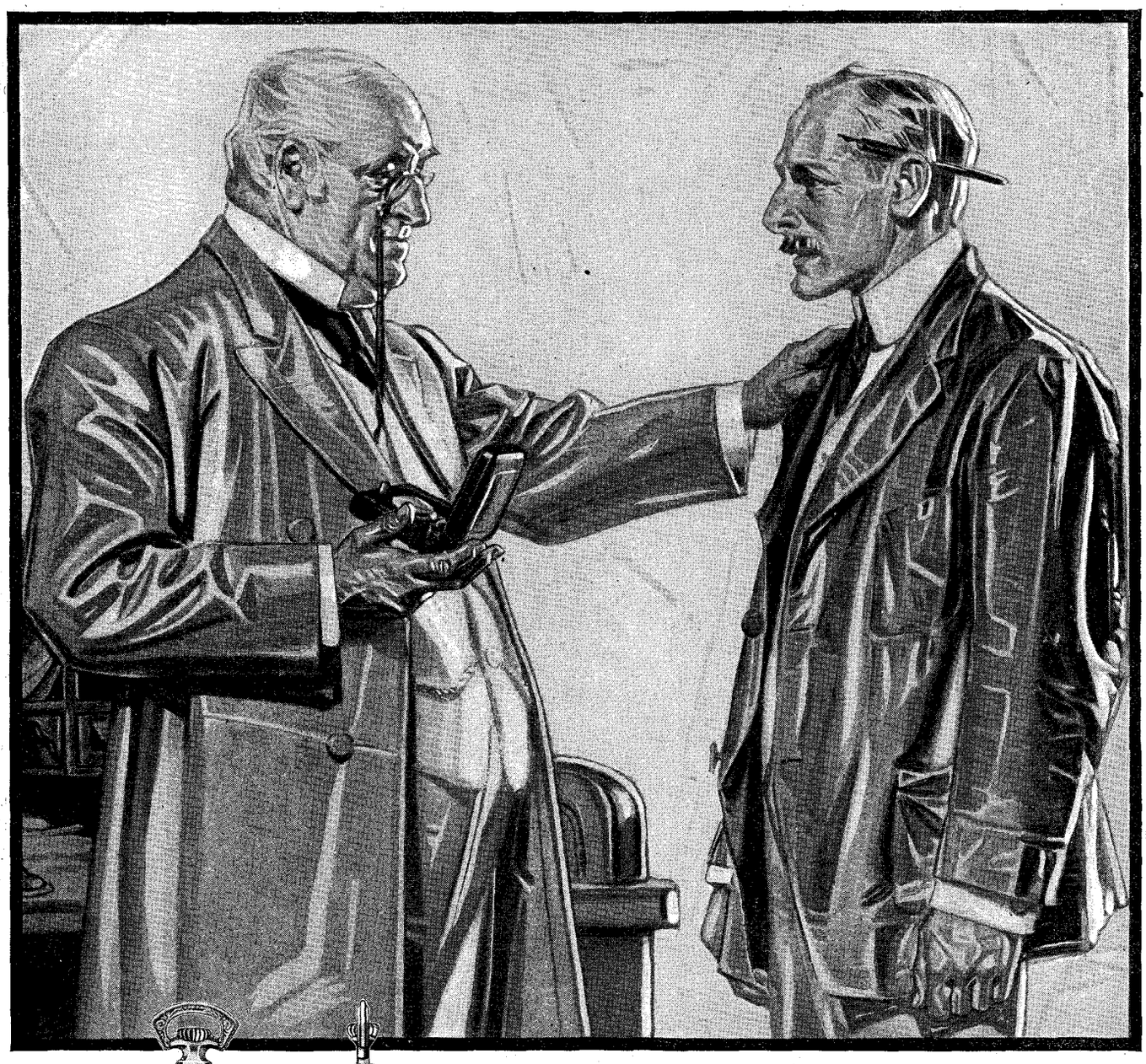

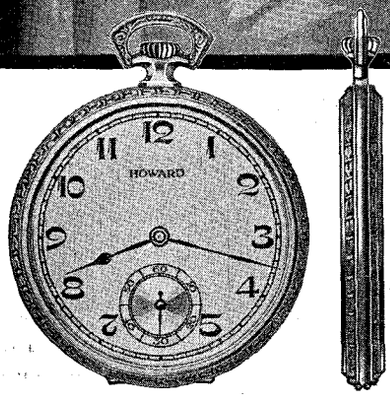

Howard Watches are made in various sizes and range in price from $60 to $180. Call on a Howard jeweler in your vicinity—he is a good man to know.

"Smith—a little token of esteem—a Howard watch—from the firm"

EVERY year we find more and more business houses giving Howard Watches to their employees. In fact, the Howard has become a standard gift for such recognition of service.

And this is not strange. For the Howard is a superb watch. You cannot find the man who wouldn't thoroughly appreciate receiving such a present and who wouldn't prize it higher than almost any other gift. This year thousands of Smiths will receive Howard Watches at Christmas time and every last man of them will be tickled to death too.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY
Established 1853

New York Chicago Cincinnati San Francisco

The HOWARD WATCH

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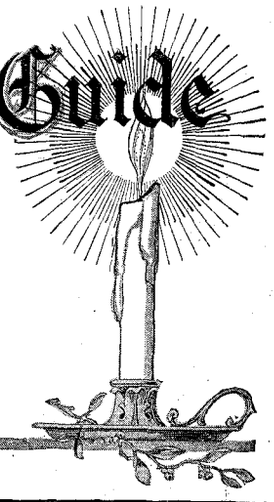
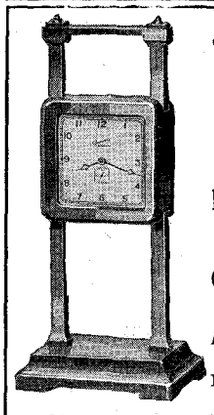
The Outlook's Christmas Gift Guide



Department stores have grown by leaps and bounds because people have found it a convenience to do their shopping, Christmas and otherwise, under a single roof. That is why we are grouping together a suggestive list of advertisements of objects useful to those whose duty and pleasure it is to trim Christmas trees and fill the cavities in yawning stockings.



The ANSONIA GRAVITY CLOCK

Bronze, $13.50
With Silver Dial

Gold Plate, $20.00
With Silver Dial

Radium Numerals and Hands, extra $1.50

HEIGHT 10" WIDTH 4½"

GIVE him a Gravity Clock for Christmas. It is essentially a man's clock, the kind he would like either at home or in his office.

Never has to be wound up. Runs for 36 hours before reaching bottom of frame, when its position is a reminder to again push it up to the top.

Made of heavy metal, handsomely finished in Bronze or Gold Plate, with Silver Dial.

The Gravity Clock is a most suitable gift for corporations and large firms to give to their preferred clients.

Prices west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada are a bit higher. (Patents pending.)

ORDER FROM YOUR DEALER
If he has none in stock, we will mail post paid on receipt of the price.

ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
99 John St. Dept. BA New York
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

Real Cowhide Leather Boston Bag

Ideal for Parcels, Books, Papers, etc. Used by shoppers, students, mechanics, nurses, business or professional men.

A LASTING and USEFUL GIFT

Sizes 15 x 10 x 6. Colors brown or black. This wonderful value will be sent by insured parcel post anywhere in the U. S. Pay only $1.95 when bag arrives.

1.95 C. O. D.

Send no money. If not satisfied, money back on request.

LINCOLN TRUNK CO., 574 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.

BAMBOO FOUNTAIN PEN

A Holiday suggestion. A gift of never-ending usefulness and a constant pleasant reminder of the giver. A superior fountain pen; Bamboo barrel with artificial amber point, making it more durable than gold pen. Self-filling and perfect ink feed, with safety catch. Unsurpassed for carbon copies. Will last a lifetime. **Try it a week; if not suited, money refunded.** By mail, postpaid, $1.00.

J. W. FLAMMAN, 1135 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE NEW ALLEN BOOK OF BEADS

is a 36-page book, over 500 beads illustrated actual size. Send 10 cents for book and a piece of music, thought to be the most beautiful lullaby in the English language. **$50.00 REWARD** in cash for the name of the composer of this music with proof, on or before December 31, 1924. Directions for New Crocheted Bead Rope. Order beads for Christmas gifts now.

Allen's Boston Bead Store, 8 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

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horses, and hoped from day to day to see the oil men commence operations.

Bosworthy Brown had been watching Cummings with interest, and knew that the time was ripe for him to step in and buy a share in his royalties. Bosworthy was very anxious to be able to state in his literature that his Royalty Company held royalty interests in the Imperial holdings, for Imperial stock had a strong position in the market, and had always paid good dividends.

It made no difference to Bosworthy that when he approached Cummings with an offer of ready money the careful Cummings would sell only a hundredth part of his royalty interest. For ownership of this hundredth part in a one-eighth interest gave Bosworthy a legitimate right to use the name of Imperial in his literature, and that name would help him to unload a large block of his stock. For it would be neither necessary nor compulsory by law that he tell how small his holdings were.

As soon as the deal with Cummings had been effected Bosworthy revised the literature with which he constantly flooded the mails. He had another truthful statement to make to his beloved public, so he told them in large type that the Bosworthy Royalty Company had acquired royalty interests in the Imperial holdings.

Among those who received Bosworthy's revised literature, and experienced a real thrill over the news of the acquired interests in Imperial holdings, was Frank Boyer, a machinist, who at the age of forty-two was in the last stages of consumption. Boyer had always been a hard-working and thrifty man, and had risen to the position of foreman of a great machine-manufacturing plant, and had held his post to the satisfaction of his employers for several years. Then tuberculosis got the better of him, and he had to give up work.

Boyer had no illusions regarding his

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A Useful Christmas Gift

6 and 8 POWER

$19.50 POSTPAID

Case and carrying straps included

GENUINE $40 to $50 prismatic binoculars with solid leather case and straps.

A splendid Christmas gift at half saving for sportsmen, hunters, automobilists, mountain climbers, football enthusiasts and all lovers of the great outdoors.

Equipped with high grade achromatic lenses. Made by leading foreign manufacturers.

Glasses have pupillary adjustment, day and night lenses. Approved for U. S. Army Officers.

Glasses with case will be shipped promptly on receipt of check or money order for $19.50 with positive guarantee of full cash refund on any glasses returned.

Order Your Military Binoculars Today

HENDERSON BROTHERS
Largest Importers of Field Glasses in America
91 to 99 Federal Street Boston, Mass.

A DELIGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT

Name Pencil Sets for Children

This *DE LUXE SET* consists of genuine glazed leather case with coin pocket, filled with pencils and penholder in assorted colors, point protector, ruler and pencil sharpener. Any name engraved as shown in 18 kt. gold. *PRICE $1.00.*

JUNIOR SET—3 pencils, name engraved, in leather case. *PRICE 50c.*

Send check, Money order or U. S. Postage.

IMPRINT PENCIL CO.
530 Broadway
New York
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PERSONAL STATIONERY

200 popular size sheets and 100 envelopes to match, fine white Hammermill bond. Name and address only (not exceeding 4 lines) printed in blue at top in center of sheets and on envelope flap. Attach a dollar bill or your check to this ad with *your name and address plainly written* on separate sheet and delivery of stationery will be made in *10* days after receipt of order. Address Desk "A"

Stationery Dept., Telegraph Ptg. Co., Harrisburg, Pa.

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Happiness
Friendship
Guidance
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Fancy

Obedience
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Truth
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The CHILD'S MAGAZINE
For Children from Three to Ten

MAKES GOOD AND HAPPY CHILDREN

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK is the *voice of happy childhood.* Once introduced into a home, it stays there until the little readers grow up to older magazines. It is *the* resource thoughtful American mothers have been seeking. More of a book than a magazine, it is carefully planned to answer the need of the active child mind. It requires no censorship, and may be relied upon to interest, companion, inspire, and instruct. Little John Martiners are normal, clean minded, interesting, patriotic little citizens.

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK is printed in two colors on tough stock, and is so strongly bound that it is practically indestructible. It has a gay cover and there is a picture on every page. It runs the gamut of juvenile interest, from nonsense to Bible stories, from fairy tales to biography.

IT IS *NOT* A LUXURY for it *dresses* the child mind with humor, good taste, appreciation of the finest in art and reading, wholesome wisdom, and a love of clean FUN. It *feeds* the child spirit with reverence, loyalty, honor, purity, high ideals and the fundamentals of character that make up the sum of a finer and happier man- and womanhood.

ITS PRICE PER YEAR IS $4.00

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK GIVES HAPPINESS AND—

Countless Pictures in color and line	*Songs to Sing*	*Bible Stories*	*Puzzles and Riddles*
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is a national center where the best books for children of all ages are sold with care and intelligence.

If you cannot visit the Shop, write to us and we will help you select your Christmas books from among the best of the old and the new.

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THIRTEEN MONTHS FOR $4.00

JOHN MARTIN
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This offer expires December 31st, 1924 and is for new subscribers only

I am interested in your SPECIAL OFFER. Attached you will find $4.00 (Foreign and Canadian $4.50) for *Thirteen Months'* Subscription to John Martin's Book (The Child's Magazine), which please send to

Child's Name.....

Address.....
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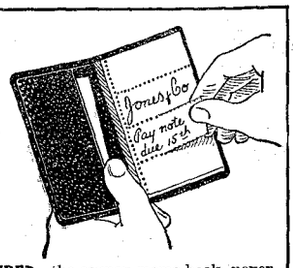
Give Useful Gifts



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In three sizes for both men and women as follows:

Name in gold on cover 25 cents extra	Vest Pocket Size 5 x 3 in.		Ladies' Size with pencil 3¾ x 2¾ in.		Coat Pocket Size 7 x 3½ in.	
	No.	Each	No.	Each	No.	Each
Pearl Grain Leather	344	$1.00	234	$1.00	464	$1.50
Cowhide	347	1.50	237	1.50	467	2.50
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Pigskin	3411	3.50			4611	5.00
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ROBINSON READIPAD — The nationally advertised scratch pad. Mounted on handsome stand at correct angle for writing. Rubber feet prevent slipping. Stand finished in Brass, $1.50; Bronze, $1.75. Add 25c each for Embossed Cover to match.

At all leading stationers.

ROBINSON MFG. CO.
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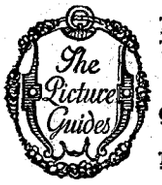
Robinson
Reminders and Readipads

The ideal gift to the returning, not less than to the departing, traveler.

The Medici Society's
PICTURE GUIDES
The most beautiful series of travel books ever printed



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749 Boylston Street, Boston

THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT
THIS SCHOOL SET contains a red and blue pencil and four black lead pencils, also the wonderful Sheffield Steel Pencil Sharpener with pocket clip (just patented). All in real leather case with the Child's Full Name engraved in 18kt. Gold Letters on pencils and case, postpaid....90c
Six-Inch Celluloid Ruler Given Free with Every Set
Without Case—12 pencils, any one full name engraved..75c
Send Money Order—2c Stamps—or Check
CHAS. E. RITTER & CO., Dept. BB, 101 W. 42d St., New York

condition, and knew that he would soon have to take the count. But he was unafraid and untroubled; for he had made provision for his wife and two children. He owned his house, had a few thousand dollars laid by, and carried a substantial insurance policy. Now he spent his last days in studying stocks. He was searching for a safe place in which to invest his savings. Some months previous he had put $500 into Bosworthy Royalty shares, which guaranteed two per cent monthly dividend. With unfailing regularity the monthly check for ten dollars arrived, and Boyer came to believe that he had found what he wanted. Then a letter came from Bosworthy telling of the acquirement of Imperial interests.

Sitting propped up with pillows—he had been unable to leave his bed for several weeks—Boyer wrote to Bosworthy, told him of his condition, and asked him to send some one from his office to see him, that he wanted to make a large investment.

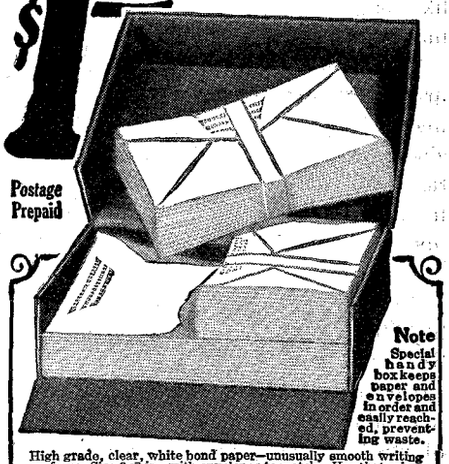
Bosworthy received this letter with genuine satisfaction. He had handled such cases before, and had become an expert as a sympathetic diplomat. He might have sent one of his younger assistants, but this was a case that would try a man's metal, and there was danger of the best interests of the Bosworthy Royalty Company being seriously affected by an undue amount of sentiment on the part of an inexperienced salesman. No, this was decidedly a case for the president himself.

Boyer felt greatly relieved when he had made his decision to put his money into Bosworthy stock, and when he received a letter telling him that Bosworth Brown, the president of this great enterprise, was coming to see him in person he experienced a flutter of excitement that brought unwonted color to his cheeks, and greatly alarmed his wife.

"You must fix me up to meet Mr. Brown," he told her. "I'm going to try and get him to give me an option on $5,000 worth of Bosworthy stock, and then you can take it up when you get my insurance money."

Mrs. Boyer winced at this statement. She had tried to make herself believe that her husband's ailment was nothing more than a passing illness, but now she realized that his end was near, and the calm fortitude with which he faced it and planned for her future increased her love for him. She had no other thoughts now except to meet his every wish and make his last days as happy as possible. So when the great Bosworthy Brown arrived he found the sick man propped up

200 Sheets 100 Envelopes
$1.00 Printed with your Name and Address



Postage Prepaid

Note Special handy box keeps paper and envelopes in order and easily reached, preventing waste.

High grade, clear, white bond paper—unusually smooth writing surface. Size 6x7 in., with envelopes to match. Has that crisp, crackly "feel" that identifies it as superior quality stationery.

Your Name and Address Printed FREE
on every sheet and envelope, in rich dark blue, up to 4 lines. Type is Plate Gothic, designed especially for clearness and good taste. Makes a personal stationery you will be delighted to use. An ideal gift printed with your friend's name.
Just send your name and address (write or print clearly) with $1.00 (west of Denver and outside of the U. S. $1.10) and this generous box of stationery will come to you neatly packed, postage prepaid. Money refunded if you are not more than satisfied. Order today!

National Stationery Co. 1679 Lincoln Highway Batavia, Illinois

THE IDEAL GIFT

The gift for home decoration retaining that personal touch so essential to a good holiday choice.

The well-known **Frankart Tray**, designed by an eminent artist and sculptor, constructed entirely of metal, finished in French, Verde, or Japanese Bronze.

The oxidized copper bowl in the arms of this dainty figure is removable for discarding ashes, etc., and may be replaced in the arms with ease.

Suitable for ashes, incense, bonbons, etc.

HEIGHT TEN INCHES

Price $7.50, fully postpaid.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Ask for No. 2001.

ART-KRAFT DISTRIBUTORS
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Hand Woven Rugs

DISTINCTIVE RUGS woven to order of soft YARN, JUTE, or FABRIC; beautiful colors to harmonize with any color scheme; descriptive price list on request. Miniature rug, 25 cts., postpaid. FURNITURE, TAPESTRIES, PRAYER RUGS, Hand Tufted BEDSPREADS, and other gifts are displayed in our store. **HARMONY ART-CRAFT SHOP, 6013 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. City.**

WANTED—CARTOONS

THE OUTLOOK wishes to receive cartoons from its readers, clipped from their favorite newspaper. Each cartoon should have the sender's name and address together with the name and date of the newspaper from which it is taken pinned or pasted to its back. Cartoons should be mailed flat, not rolled. We pay one dollar ($1) for each cartoon which we find available for reproduction. Some readers in the past have lost payment to which they were entitled because they have failed to give the information which we require. It is impossible for us to acknowledge or return cartoons which prove unavailable for publication.

THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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in an invalid chair in a scrupulously clean and tidy room.

Bosworthy's manner with the dying man would have done credit to a family doctor of long experience. He was kind and gracious, yet dignified and business-like, listening patiently while Boyer told him of his wishes.

"Yes, Mr. Boyer, that can be easily arranged," he said. "You wish now to invest $7,000 in Bosworthy Royalty shares, and at the same time take an option on another $5,000 worth to be paid for by your wife after she has collected your insurance money."

"That's right," said Boyer, eagerly.

"Very good, sir. The option on the $5,000 worth we can make nominal, say $100. We will accept your Liberty Bonds and other securities at their market value in payment for $7,000 worth of stock. This will give your wife a holding of $12,500 worth of Bosworthy Royalty shares, which, at two per cent a month, will insure her a comfortable income."

Boyer's eyes shone happily as he thanked Bosworthy for coming to see him.

"Ah, it is a real satisfaction to be able to render so small a service," said the great man. "You must let nothing worry you from now on—resting assured that you have made ample provision for your wife and children." He shook the sick man's hand, and Boyer leaned back among his pillows, smiling contentedly.

A few weeks later Frank Boyer passed on, and among his last thoughts was an earnest thankfulness for the existence of Bosworthy Brown, whose masterful brain had conceived and organized the Bosworthy Royalty Company.

For nearly a year Mrs. Boyer and her two children lived comfortably on their income of $250 a month. Whenever she spoke of her husband to friends, which she did often, she never failed to sing the praises of Bosworthy Brown and his Royalty Company. This brought about a strong demand for Bosworthy shares in her locality, and soon all the authorized stock of the company had been sold. Then came the crash, and Bosworthy Royalty Company went into bankruptcy. Like the Brown Royalty Corporation, the Bosworthy Royalty Company failed in a proper and legitimate manner.

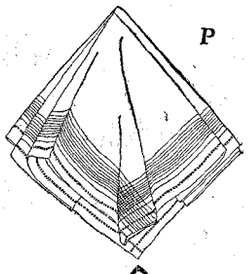
All of Bosworthy Brown's actions had been within the law. The promoter issued a statement to the press inviting the closest investigation of the defunct company's affairs. Then with the half million dollars he had acquired in this last enterprise he proceeded to organize and develop another royalty company.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The ever welcome gift—

Handkerchiefs!

Always appropriate, always welcome—McCutcheon's pure Linen Handkerchiefs! Of pure, fine Linen in a host of attractive designs, as simple or as elaborate as you wish, they make perfect Christmas gifts and are packed in dainty white boxes bearing the famous "Spinning Wheel"—symbol of Pure Linen.



P

FOR MEN

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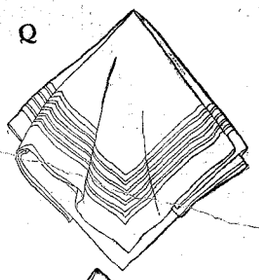

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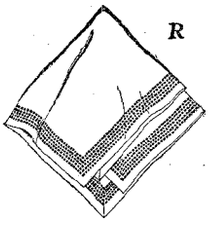

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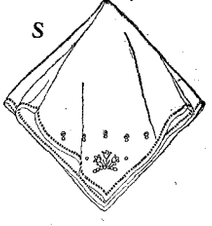

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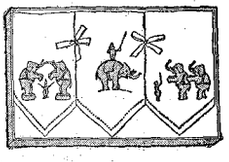

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The Book Table

H. G. Wells: The Atlantic Edition

A Review by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

THE publication of the complete works of Mr. H. G. Wells suggests an inquiry as to which of these twenty-eight volumes are most apt to be read, say, in fifty years. First, it should be noted that the edition is a model of beautiful and simple bookmaking, typographically and otherwise. Each volume has a new preface by Mr. Wells, who has also made some changes in the text. As most of the volumes contain more than one short novel or article, there are something like sixty titles in this set.

Mr. Wells has written novels which were best sellers, a history which is a best seller, books upon Socialism and international politics, and almost everything except poetry. He has been widely read and greatly admired, and he has also been attacked and ridiculed; in other words, he is a conspicuous and interesting figure. Disregarding his books on sociology, politics, and history (although his "Outline of History" seems one likely to have a long life), his imaginative works divide pretty easily into two classes: the so-called scientific romances, most of them early works; and the later novels, mainly about modern life in England. Ten years ago, when admiration for the sociological novel was at its height, it was almost heretical to suggest that books like "Marriage," "Ann Veronica," and "The New Machiavelli" were not immensely important—certainly works for the serious consideration of adult readers, as compared with those "trifling" essays in the manner of Jules Verne, like "The Time Machine," "The Island of Doctor Moreau," or "The First Men in the Moon." It seems to me, however, that readers have discovered by now that there are a number of authors who can write in the vein of Mr. Wells's "Marriage," but none at all who can approach the imaginative feats of his early stories. These books are in a class with "The War of the Worlds," and the extraordinarily interesting stories contained in the volume called "The Country of the Blind," and used to be compared with Jules Verne's works, but, as a matter of fact, they are immensely superior to Verne. The Frenchman, who delighted us all in our youth, could conceive any number of wonderful inventions, anticipate the achievements of science, and fill large volumes with the curious adventures of rather laughably wooden characters; but he never wrote anything, so far as I can remember, to touch a masterpiece like that chapter in Mr. Wells's first book, "The Time Machine," in which the traveler into the future stands on the lonely sea beach and views that dreadful and melancholy spectacle of the dying planet. He never achieved such a feat of horror as some of the chapters in "The Island of Doctor Moreau," and he certainly never wrote such a combination of a rattling good story of adventure, together with genuine humor, as that novel which is called "The War in the Air." This day of Mr. Wells's writing is apparently over. He has tried in some degree to return to it in "Men Like Gods" and in "The Dream." But he is now almost entirely the preacher, with little of the story-teller.

One conspicuous exception should be made in discussing his later and more "serious" novels, and that is "Tono-Bungay." Here is a novel of modern life in which Wells the crusader and propagandist does not get the better of Wells the novelist. It is strange indeed that no American writer ever saw his opportunity to make such a good story and fine satire against preposterous business and advertising methods, as did Mr. Wells in this tale of a ridiculous patent medicine which gives the title to the book.

[1] The Works of H. G. Wells. The Atlantic Edition. Limited to 620 sets for Great Britain and Ireland, and 1,050 sets for America. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 28 volumes. $8.50 per volume.

The New Books

FICTION

FOURTEENTH KEY (THE). By Carolyn Wells. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Clever Miss Carolyn Wells, with her tongue in her cheek as usual, has again turned out a tale of mystery and crime. It must amuse her vastly to put the parts together and set the machine whirring; still more to observe the response of the docile public, as readily interested in its squeaky mechanism as children in a Punch and Judy show. She has contrived many such puzzles; this is just another one.

ILIANA. By Konrad Bercovici. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

Although these Stories of a Wandering Race are the work of an American story writer, they are so dramatic, passionate, richly colored, and exotic that it is at times difficult to realize they are not translations from a foreign tongue. Among the eleven admirable tales every one will have his own favorite. "Happiness" is perhaps the most poetically perfect; "Jancu Gian" perhaps the most boldly and brilliantly dramatic—but only perhaps; no sooner is such a statement ventured than the claims of their companion stories rise to remembrance, and one begins to doubt. The group includes two striking dog stories, "The Master" and "Rutka," but neither can be recommended to members of the S. P. C. A. or too tender devotees of the Dove of Peace. Indeed, the book is not one for cringingly sensitive souls or the over-civilized; the reader who would enjoy to the full must be willing to forget temporarily his ordered and comfortable world and digress for a little into one of splendid savagery.

JANUARY. By Katherine Pleydell Bouverie. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

It is a little difficult to believe in Jan, though one would rather like to. She is quite modern and very young, but no more resembles a flapper than your great-grandmother in her youth. Her story is told with ease and grace, and the other characters involved are clearly drawn. Unless perhaps a slight excess of sweetness, there is nothing that would lead the reader to suppose this the author's first novel. It is a pleasing and a promising one.

MODERN GREEK STORIES. Translated by Demetra Vaka and Aristides Phoutrides. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.90.

The nine stories in this collection, representing as many contemporary Greek authors, all of whom are quite unknown here, may vary in literary value and attraction, but all deserve to be read both for their own sake and for the light they shed on the spiritual life of a nation which we are apt alternately to idolize for the sake of glories long buried and deride for the sake of faults that are only human. The foreword is enough to explain why such faults could hardly fail to exist, and the wonder lies in what has been done already for their elimination. These stories also serve excellently to

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The literary tid-bit of the season—the book all America and all Europe will devour this year. King George, it is reported, has read his copy three times, and this is not to be wondered at considering its piquant and racy revelations. "The most entertaining volume of intimate memoirs the reviewer has read for many a season."—*New York Herald Tribune.* Eight printings have already been necessary to satisfy the demand here and abroad. 346 *Pages. Large octavo.* $4.50

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illustrate the difference between the European and the American type of this literary form. They are so much looser in construction and plot than ours, and so much closer to what might be called the eternal aspects of human life.

TALK. By Emanie N. Sachs. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

This is a study of the power of blind mass prejudice to warp and wither individual happiness. The one success in the life of Delia Morehouse is the bookstore she conducts when a destitute orphan's plight moves public opinion in a small Kentucky town to forget the unwritten law that no gentlewoman shall engage in trade. Then Delia marries and discovers to her dismay that marriage has ended the exemption she has enjoyed. Even the most loyal of her friends and the most radical of Merville's philosophers contend that it is unthinkable that a woman with a husband should have a career of her own. Her store is shunned and she is cartooned. Hurt to the quick, she knuckles under.

But housekeeping is not her forte. A succession of tragedies with washing-machines, steam cookers, and trick churns, and the commoner difficulties with servants, coupled with the failing fortunes of her attractive but impractical husband, wear her down to a dowdy, hopeless woman, who looks fifteen years older than she is. At this low ebb in Delia's life her husband strikes oil. But wealth comes too late to save Delia. She cannot share in the romantic sprees of her husband and her flapper daughter Janice, outwardly "broad" and "radical," but essentially sweet under her hard brilliance. Janice well represents the new age which would find it entirely commendable for Delia to reopen the bookstore. But Delia is done. She is as unable to play the rôle pleasing to the nineteen-twenties, of petting parties and hip flasks, as she was inadequate in the part of model housekeeper assigned to her by the Grundys of the nineties.

Among modern novelists with a flair for irony Mrs. Sachs is now unmasked as a Big Bertha. And seldom is a first novel so well balanced and at the same time so deft. Offhand it is difficult to recall a better picture of small-town life in America—particularly male life. So, at least, the book strikes a male writer of reviews.

STELLA NASH. By "Ganpat." Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

In trying to combine an emotionally elaborated love story with a story of hidden treasure this novel, if it does not quite fall between two stools, at least sags pretty deeply. The scene is India, and the treasure-hunt is exciting; but the

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high-souled lovers are a platitudinous pair of bores.

CAPTAIN SHAPELY: A COMEDY OF LONDON TOWN AND THE OXFORD ROAD IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE. By Harold Brighouse. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.

A good title, a captivating subject, a pretty picture on the book jacket, and within a tale of the Ods-bodikins school of fiction. 'Tis but passing good, stap my vitals!

BIOGRAPHY

ERASMUS: By J. Huizinga. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

The first volume of the "Great Hollanders Series," edited by Edward W. Bok; translated from the Dutch by F. Hopman, of Leyden. Here and there the translation obviously halts. The author (Professor of History in the University of Leyden) has produced a scholarly, interesting, and on the whole just, piece of work, worthy of its subject, the chief ornament of Dutch letters. This writer inclines to think that Professor Huizinga is not sympathetic enough towards Erasmus's character. On the other hand, the observations on Erasmus's defects of genius, though they hit hard, are just. Yet all defects should be forgotten in gratitude for "The Praise of Folly" (*Moriæ Enconium*), one of the most amusing books ever written.

YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE. By Clinton W. Gilbert. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The author is one, presumably the chief, of the authors of "The Mirrors of Washington."

The book consists of studies of the personalities of the six Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates, followed by slight but sometimes illuminating sketches of certain members of the Coolidge and Davis "circles," the Republican and Democratic National Chairmen, and others.

The best of the studies, in this writer's opinion, is that of Mr. Coolidge. It is witty, penetrating, and convincing; a brilliant example of effect achieved by the method of contrast. Mr. Gilbert quotes with approval some one's description of the young Coolidge: "Like the singed cat, he is better than he looks." He exhausts the witty possibilities of the "singed cat" resemblance (internal, more than external, so to speak), thereby arousing wonder and admiration for those extraordinary qualities of character which have brought Mr. Coolidge through, despite disabilities so tragic (so singe-ular, one might say). This essay has enough value in itself to "swing" the book.

Mr. Gilbert bestows on John W. Davis every sort of praise except that going to his suitability for President. He says that Mr. Davis "stood for nothing in

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particular" in the opinion of the Democratic National Convention, "and had the added advantage of doing so in a most distinguished way." Whether or no Mr. Gilbert so intended, his essay gives the impression that he shares the opinion of the Convention. It is not a convincing study. If written with malicious intent, it is a masterpiece; if not, it is a most unhappy performance.

The portraits of the other candidates are interesting, though not equal to the best in "The Mirrors of Washington" nor to the Coolidge portrait. Except for the Davis essay, the book may be recommended as on the whole enlightening and useful. It is eminently readable.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

WITH STEFANSSON IN THE ARCTIC. By Harold Noice. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

In 1915 the explorer Stefansson had been given up by the world as lost in the Arctic. An expedition was sent out in an endeavor to find and rescue him, and chance gave a twenty-year-old lad the rare opportunity to join it. Stefansson was found, and luck brought the lad a berth with the new expedition which Stefansson organized. He remained with the noted explorer during two years.

This story is a full account of his experiences as a full-fledged Arctic explorer. With Stefansson he explored some of the islands of that immense group which lies north of Canada and west of Greenland. Stefansson abhorred adventures. An adventure was a sign of weakness or of omission to provide against contingencies. Nevertheless the author appears to have had his share of adventure. The whole account is well written, shows a sense of humor, and incidentally is full of information.

Noice, like his leader, found the "Arctic wastes" interesting in summer. At 77° north latitude "wild flowers, like tiny sweet peas, blue and pink and purple, bloom along the brook close by. . . . White and yellow butterflies pursue them. Beetles and ants tumble in and out of the crevices. Because the sun shines all of the twenty-four hours, the sod is spattered with flowers, although the highest temperature registered was eight degrees above freezing."

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

FALL OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC (THE). By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New Edition. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

It seems strange now that Mr. Van Loon was not "discovered" when, in 1912, he issued this first of his historical volumes. So much of what has made his later works popular is already present, making the story of the downfall of the Dutch Republic far more interesting to read than most works of fiction. The

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theme, of course, must have interfered with a fuller appreciation of the book, for in those pre-war days we had not yet discovered that a small and far-off corner of the globe might have any claim on our attention beyond that of curiosity. Now, however, we may be ready to realize the lesson which even a great nation like our own may read out of the sad and sordid story so well told by Mr. Van Loon.

FOREIGN POLICIES OF SOVIET RUSSIA (THE). By Alfred L. P. Dennis. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

During and after the war Professor Dennis has had unusual facilities for studying the international aspects of the Soviet régime in Russia, and he has used them excellently. His book is primarily a source and reference book, and as such it must be held invaluable to any disinterested student of to-day's Russia. But it is also a vivid and illuminating history of events in Russia since 1917, as viewed from without. Whether the Soviet prove a mere episode in the slow evolution of modern Russia or an enduring political form, the record of its struggles, victories, defeats, and intrigues during the last six years constitutes one of the most dramatic chapters in the history of the world, and one that inevitably invites to comparisons with the French Revolution. In his treatment of this chapter Professor Dennis has shown a rare gift both for the lucid co-ordination of great bodies of data and for unbiased presentation of facts and opinions with which he may or may not be in sympathy. Taking it all in all, the picture he gives us of the Soviet attitude toward the remainder of the habited globe must be proclaimed scrupulously fair-minded and, for that reason, irresistibly convincing. He says: "The progress of Russia is not dependent on recognition either *de facto* or *de jure;* it is dependent on the justice of the courts, on security for life and property, on honesty, and on trade. None of these can be provided by treaty nor guaranteed by diplomacy. They depend on Russia herself." This implied approval of our own policy toward the present régime in Russia may be supplemented by another quotation from his final chapter: "There are Bolsheviki who are mere political adventurers, others are fanatics, and still others are criminals; but of the sincere desire of the majority of the Bolsheviki to better Russia there can be no question."

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

ROMANCE OF FORGOTTEN TOWNS (THE). By John T. Faris. Harper & Brothers, New York. $6.

Here we have notices of over forty "forgotten" (most of them abandoned) towns of the United States; an average

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EDUCATIONAL

CHILD (THE): HIS NATURE AND HIS NEEDS. A Contribution of The Children's Foundation. Edited by Professor M. V. O'Shea, of the University of Wisconsin. The Children's Foundation, Valparaiso, Indiana.

Professor O'Shea has the happy faculty of being able to gather together valuable and practical data concerning almost any subject having to do with the education and care of children. In this book he has collected and edited interesting and useful papers, written by a number of experts, covering a wide range of subjects important to teachers and to parents—subjects ranging from the social development of children and the care of various metal levels to matters affecting health and habits. This should be a useful book to all students of the many problems of childhood. It might be remarked, however, that when nutrition is taken up the theory is still supported that the average type of physical build is the normal and desirable, and that slender children are almost invariably suffering from malnutrition or other ill. The Outlook has strongly supported the theory that one's type of build is most likely to be hereditary, and that many are normally and hereditarily slender. If so, then you cannot say a child is "underweight" if that child is healthy. The one way to discover malnutrition or ill health is by means of a medical examination, for which a pair of scales is no substitute.

WAR BOOKS

ROMANCE OF THE LAST CRUSADE (THE). By Major Vivian Gilbert. D. Appleton & Co., New York. **$2.**

Major Gilbert briefly outlines his war experience: first as a raw subaltern at training camp in England, then in the French trenches, later in Macedonia, and, finally, with Allenby in Palestine—the "last crusade." He gives us a real feel of the Palestine campaign, that most brilliant operation of the war, more steeped in romance than any other military episode of modern times. The book is racy, humorous, and vivid, nor lacks touches of true poignancy.

MISCELLANEOUS

GYPSY FIRES IN AMERICA. By Irving Brown. Harper & Brothers, New York. $3.

Gypsies have inspired much good prose—like the books of Borrow—and some fine romantic poetry, like the song of the "Raggle Taggle Gypsies" and Kipling's "Gypsy Trail." They are an endless theme for romantic imaginings, and they are fine to observe—in books like this one. Upon actual contact their wild beauty and charm fade away, for most of us. Mr. Brown can still find it; he talks with them, has traveled with them, and visited them. Our advice is to read Mr. Brown's book and keep your illusions; avoid personal investigation.

INVESTMENT, A NEW PROFESSION. By Henry S. Sturgis. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Sturgis sets forth the proper functions of the investment bankers and the broker, and furnishes very valuable hints to him who would invest. It seems that the machinery of investment in this country sadly lacks efficient organization, wherefore the investor is apt to be stupidly or dishonestly served. Mr. Sturgis addresses himself to the problem of devising the organization required. Fortunately, the British can teach us a good deal on this head. A valuable book.

Notes on New Books

NAJU OF THE NILE. By H. E. Barus. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

The life story of the son of an African king, and his adventures with wild beasts and with his own enemies. Admirably illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

WANDERING THROUGH ANCIENT ROMAN CHURCHES. By Rodolfo Lanciani. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $7.50.

Historical and architectural studies of a recognized expert. A beautifully illustrated book on heavily calendered paper, resulting in a volume too heavy to be read except by strong men like Sandow.

POEMS. By Ralph Hodgson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Reprint, in charming form, of a little book first published in 1917. The work of a fine and original poet, author of such verses (they are included here) as "Time, You Old Gypsy Man," "Eve," "Stupidity Street," and "The Bull."

THE SPIRIT OF THE REVOLUTION. By John C. Fitzpatrick. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

Highly interesting essays upon such subjects as the history of the Declaration of Independence as a document; Washington's expenses at Valley Forge; bands in the Continental Army, etc. By the assistant chief of the Manuscript Division, Library of Congress.

THE FUGGER NEWS-LETTERS. Edited by Victor von Klarwill. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Letters written by correspondents of the great European bankers, the Fuggers, from 1568 to 1605. Such events as the battle of Lepanto, the execution of Marie Stuart, St. Bartholomew, the burning of witches, plagues, wars, and miracles are described by contemporary reporters. A curious and readable book.

ROMANCE AND JANE WESTON. By Richard Pryce. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.

Remembering the charm of "Christopher" and that delightful boy "David Penstephen," one turns with keen expectation to Mr. Pryce's new novel. It is smoothly and entertainingly written; but it has two faults of judgment hard to forgive: (1) it is impossible to believe that the sen-

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sible Elementary Jane should have had her romantic eye asearch eight years for a man she had seen only once casually and whose name she didn't know—when she did see him again she got kissed and engaged in about ten minutes; (2) if one accepts Jane as pleasing even if incredible, one revolts against the nauseating, sex-bitten Betty, who has no right among decent fiction people.

THE ENCHANTED HILL. By Peter B. Kyne. Illustrated. The Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. $2.

The author never fails to provide a girl, a mystery, and a villain. What tale of New Mexico needs more? It is not his best story, but it will sell prodigiously; Zane Grey must look to his laurels.

THE TEMPLETON CASE. By Victor L. Whitechurch. Edward J. Clode, Inc., New York.

Here the country detective works his way through a maze of conflicting clues and captures the murderer without calling in Scotland Yard—contrary to Sherlock Holmes's prejudice and those of most story writers. The plot is distinctly original and is well handled.

LA ROUX. By Johnston Abbott. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.25.

A strange tale of Canada in its early days, with a French lady of high family seeking to restore to a man of honor the money of which her father has robbed him. He is close to her, leading the life of an inferior, and unjustly accused of cowardice and of his own murder, but he conceals his identity as long as he can. Needless to say, love plays its part in the drama.

LITTLE NOVELS OF NOWADAYS. By Philip Gibbs. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

Philip Gibbs has seen much and has felt much; the things he knows he tells with vividness and with a trained reporter's accuracy in substance. These stories of "after the war" utilize facts as the structure of pictures of cruelty and suffering in Russia, Turkey, and elsewhere.

The Innocent Who Suffer With the Guilty

To the Readers of The Outlook.

Dear friends—I have before called to you through these pages to listen to the plea for help for the most needy and to be pitied of little children at the Christmas season.

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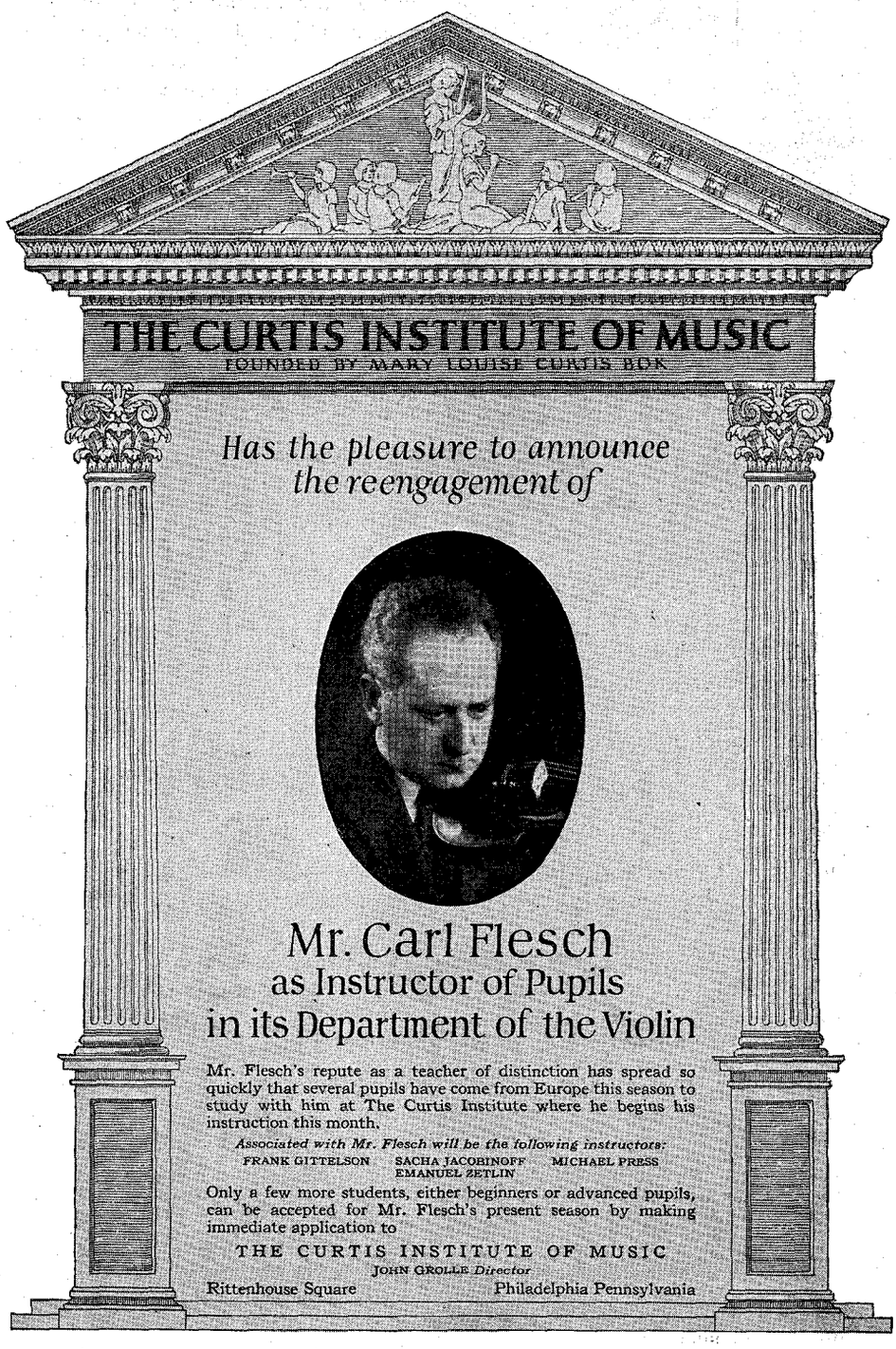
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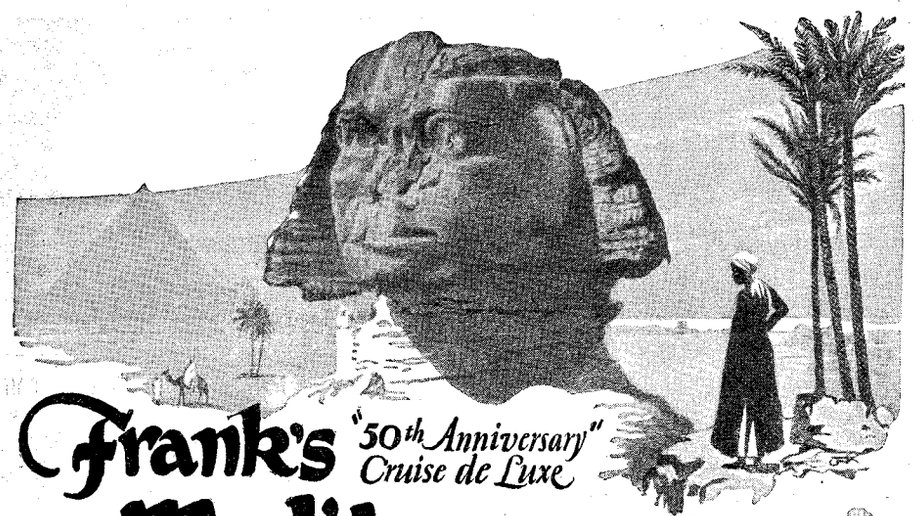

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GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL, of the U. S. Army Air Service, tells about tiger-hunting in India in the "National Geographic Magazine." He pays a tribute to the elephant as a necessary helper in the sport. "At the signal of its mahout," he says, "an elephant will catch projecting limbs with its trunk and remove them, or push trees a foot thick out of the way. . . . It eats for about twenty-three out of twenty-four hours, and one or more men are employed solely for the purpose of keeping it in food. Piles of grass and boughs of trees, besides grain and baked pancakes, comprise the dietary."

General Mitchell, during the hunting trip mentioned above, made a remarkable shot. He killed a tiger with a single bullet which entered the eye, leaving the skin unmarred when it was removed from the carcass. This was a feat unexampled in the experience of the natives, though their ruler is one of the greatest hunters of India and has killed upwards of 250 tigers.

From the "American Legion Weekly:"

Casey—"I see by the papers that one o' thim fillum actors was kilt by his wife after livin' together f'r tin year."

Hogan—"'Tis nothin'. I've lived with me old woman f'r forty year, and she ain't been able to kill me yit."

The Benton Harbor (Michigan) "News-Palladium" prints an item under the arresting heading KIST-HUG. But the paragraph proves to be merely an announcement of the marriage of Albert Kist and Elizabeth Hug. Congratulations!

In "After Ninety Years" the Rev. Edwin Wilbur Rice tells of his first experience as a missionary, seventy years ago. In a neighborhood of rough people his predecessor had had short shrift and had been sent about his business by a hard-fisted settler. Young Rice was warned not to approach this man. Instead, he made his way to his home. He spied the farmer at work in a cornfield. He began conversation about the crops; picked up a hoe and, as he talked, joined the man in his work; with this aid the job was soon completed and the farmer invited the young man to his house, remarking, "You haven't told me your name or business." The student said he was looking for children. The farmer laughed and asked, "What do you want

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Trial quarter box, oranges or grapefruit $2, tangerines $2.50, all by prepaid express
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QUAINT SENTIMENT CHRISTMAS CARD. Send $1.00 or 50c. for triple value. Also cards for hand coloring. Box 2, 1316 Euclid St., Washington, D.C

Antiques *for Christmas Gifts. Furniture,* china, lustres, samplers, glass, silhouettes, tin sconces, bottles, historical plates, pewter, prints. M. H. DODGE, Pawling, N. Y.

Lovely Gifts 3-strand imitation pearl necklace, $5. Single strand 30-inch, $2. Delivered anywhere. Guaranteed. HALL'S, 59 Highland Ave., Winchester, Mass.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Thousands of Outlook customers. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

PERSONAL STATIONERY—200 sheets good quality bond with 100 envelopes printed with name and address in blue, $1.00. Frank B. Hicks, Macedon Center, N. Y.

HOLIDAY CARDS

15 beautiful hand-colored Xmas cards. No two alike. 15 envelopes to match. Send $1 for all. Regular $2 value. Money returned if not satisfied. Scholl Studios, 7 South 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

UNIQUE ten cent Christmas cards. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

A beautiful collection of fifteen Christmas greeting cards in holly box sent on approval. Distinctive designs. Select sentiments. Distinctive high grade cards and envelopes. Retail value $1.50. We ask only that you agree to send the price, $1, in ten days if satisfactory, or return at our expense if not wanted. Elizabeth Huntford Studio, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

PARTNER and office manager, established educational brokerage; *rare opportunity;* either sex; small capital required. 848, Outlook.

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES

CO-OPERATIVE PLACEMENT SERVICE. Institutional executives, secretaries, social workers. Housekeepers, dietitians, cafeteria managers. Governesses, companions, mothers' helpers. The Richards Bureau, 68 Barnes St., Providence.

THE Interstate Teachers' Agency, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La., needs teachers for the mid-winter term, for summer work, and for positions open September, 1925. No registration fee.

HELP WANTED

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nation-wide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, interesting work, quick advancement, permanent. Write for *free book,* "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite A 5842, Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Young lady willing to learn in *ethical dental office. Experience not necessary.* 5,628, Outlook.

YOUNG woman, about 35, willing to take position in Oregon, to take charge of the training of three children under direction. *An unusual opportunity for one genuinely* interested in children. 5,626, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

EXPERIENCED *librarian wishes temporary* position. South preferred. 5,606, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED woman wishes position as housekeeper in school. 5,610, Outlook.

GENTLEMAN will travel as companion to small party or one or two gentlemen. References required and given. Box 353, Cherry Valley, N. Y.

GRADUATE nurse (highly recommended) desires care of invalid. Would travel. 5,624, Outlook.

HOTEL woman wishes position in Southern hotel. Has fine clientele. 5,609, Outlook.

POSITION required as companion by well educated English woman. Nursing experience. Address A. C., 514 Elm St., Rome, N. Y.

UNDERGRADUATE nurse, college education with French, can tutor, be secretary, and drive a car. Capable of responsible position. Best references. 5,621, Outlook.

WOMAN of middle age will give services without salary in institution, old people's home or orphan asylum. Highest references required and given. 5,622, Outlook.

YOUNG lady wishes position to read several hours daily to elderly person or to student. New York only. Address 5,599, Outlook.

YOUNG man, college graduate, wishes *position as tutor or companion.* Willing to travel. Excellent references. 5,625, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

SCHOLARSHIPS in boys' prep. school available to athletes and musicians. Box 926, Stamford, Conn.

LADIES—Let Patricia Dix help you with that next club or study paper. Information upon request. Rates reasonable. 5,445, Outlook.

WANTED — Girls, by State accredited nurses' training schools. Free board, room, tuition. Cash allowance paid. For catalogs write FREE BUREAU OF ALL SCHOOLS, 1101 Times Bldg., New York.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

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You will find Outlook service and results much above the average.
Write for information as to rates, etc.
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of children?" The plan of a Union school was briefly stated. "Come in," said the farmer, "and have dinner and we will talk it over." The final result was that a Sunday school was started with the hater of missionaries as treasurer! So much for tactful treatment of an adversary.

From the "Philatelic Gossip" of Holton, Kansas:

Country folks frequently come in to Holton and "drop in" the Gossip Printery, mistaking it for a local newspaper office.

Recently a farmer walked in, in a manner most hesitant, and, sidling up to "Cap's" desk, asked:

"How much be it, mister, for a funeral notice in your paper?"

"Cap" looked the agriculturist squarely in the eyes, never batting an optic, and replied:

"One dollar and a quarter an inch."

"Goshalmitey," exploded the bucolic visitor, "I reckon I jest cain't pay it; the ole man wuz six feet two inches tall. No, I reckon as how 'paw' will hav'ter do without no notice."

Under the heading "Strike One!" the "Journal" of the American Medical Association reprints this from the Indianapolis "News:"

"It's a poor alienist that won't work both ways."

The President of the Union Pacific Railroad, Carl R. Gray, in a recent address said: "The railroad business produces self-made men. Nearly one-half of the officers of the United States railroads entered the business before their eighteenth year. Practically all of the executives started at the bottom. The field is still open for the right kind of men. Fascination and adventure are there; opportunity is there—opportunity for advancement and for service to one's fellow-men."

A subscriber sends us the following "old friend" of pre-prohibition days to puzzle our readers:

A —— sat wrapped in his —— gray,
Watching the moonbeams' —— play,
On a keg that low in the bushes lay,
And thus did gayly sing:
"Oh, thou —— the great and thou
—— the strong;
The —— of great battles to thee may
belong—"
(Each leaf with a —— took up the
song)—
"John Barleycorn, my King!"

Fill the blanks with a word of six letters.

Answer to French riddle in last week's issue: The letter A.

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